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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A Credo of Reviewing*

ANNIVERSARIES, of course, are of no importance except insofar as they offer opportunity for mental stocktaking. We should pass over in silence so little peculiar a one as the eighth birthday of the *Saturday Review* which the present issue marks were it not for the chance it gives us of reiterating our credo of reviewing, and generalizing on some of the problems it involves.

We believe, it should not need the saying, that the first and absolute prerequisite of literary criticism is honesty. And by honesty we do not mean merely freedom from the influence of author or publisher or advertiser, or freedom from personal grudge or enthusiasm, but that higher integrity which implies an ever-present consciousness of the sanctity of literature, of the obligation of the critic to his subject, his profession, and his public, of the necessity that is upon him for greater knowledge than he is called upon at any particular moment to use, and of the fact that to be a true critic he must wear always a curious, an eager, and an open mind. Back of all sound criticism must lie sound feeling and sound thinking, a reasoned philosophy of life, a disciplined emotional outlook. Or else is criticism nothing more than response to sentiment or mood. Scholarship alone will never make the constructive critic, though without scholarship a great part of criticism loses validity. Imagination, insight, and understanding, though they are indispensable to all good criticism, and can make fair shift without a large background of learning in certain fields of interpretation, never constitute high criticism unless they spring from a knowledge that allows them to range their subject in time as well as in place. It is knowledge wed to imagination that makes the creative critic.

We believe, what is but a further extension of the idea of critical integrity, that reviewing to be trustworthy must be detached, that it cannot be the mouthpiece of a school or an individual inflexibly set upon a theory, though inevitably criticism that is sufficiently distinguished to a degree establishes a norm of judgment. As a corollary, we believe that a journal of literary criticism to carry weight must represent the views of a widely divergent group of contributors, each indisputably an authority in his field, each aware, if not persuaded of, theories in conflict with his own, and each a searcher for the truth and not the partisan of a prepossession.

We believe the cardinal sin of a reviewer to be the exploitation of himself instead of the interpretation of his subject. While we hold that the public is better served in regard to certain types of books by the review that presents or discusses their subject matter in relation to their field as a whole rather than analyzes the volumes in detail, we are certain that there is no place in a just literary journal for the critic who uses it for the mere display of his own erudition, for the advancement of personal peccadilloes, or the waging of personal controversies.

We believe that reviews to be potent must be well written. The object of criticism in the abstract is to give currency to the "best that has been known and thought in the world," and in the concrete to appraise and characterize the product of contemporary writing. Pedantic criticism, technical criticism, dull criticism, defeats its own object; it will never command a public except in such fashion as an index to a book commands readers, that is, as a necessary implement to further information.

We believe that good reviewing does not mean facile writing, that it means a sense for form, a knowledge of style, clarity of intention and manner, grace that exists not as an end but as a means to that end which is the dissemination of ideas. We believe that good reviewing presupposes apprising the reader of the content of a book, of its aim, the measure of its achievement, and of its value not only in itself but in relation to other work that has preceded it in its field. This is the *sine qua non* of all criticism, but it is not all of criticism. We believe that the higher criticism uses this basis as the springboard to the only critical writing which is prepotent and creative,—that which is an interpretation of letters as a commentary upon life. We believe that reviews of a few lines in length can on occasions be as useful, and as completely do justice to their objectives, as lengthy discussion. But we believe also, that criticism that aspires to be more than news reviewing, frequently deserves and demands space for the elaboration of ideas as well as the statement of specific judgments.

We believe that criticism is an art as well as a science, and that as the one and the other it demands disinterested enthusiasm and eternal vigilance. We believe that it is worthy of enlisting the highest talents and that when it enlists them, it is literature. And we believe always in hoping.

* From the issue of July 11 to the end of the summer the editorials will be written by Mr. Benét and Miss Loveman.

Impeccable

By MELVILLE CANE

EACH line ran fleet and flawless,
In perfect pairs, each rhyme;
No vocable, no syllable
But served the general chime.

Each adjective was fitting,
Each fitted noun correct,
Each metaphor and simile
Enriched the proud effect.

One sought in vain the tasteless,
Inept or crude or wrong,
One could not find the slightest lack
Of art, detect the faintest crack
To extricate the song.

This Week

"Music at Night and Other Essays."
Reviewed by EDWARD CUSHING.

"The Memoirs of Marshal Foch."
Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS.

"Bedford Forrest."
Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY.

"Dwarf's Blood."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea."
Reviewed by JOHN COURNOS.

"After Leaving Mr. MacKenzie."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

Next Week, or Later

What Is the "Modern Mind"?
By KENNETH SAUNDERS.

Toward a New Scholarship

By NORMAN FOERSTER

DURING the period 1900-1930 research in language and literature contented itself with elaborating aims and methods established more than a century ago under romantic and scientific auspices. The essential nature of this research may be symbolized by such names as Herder and the Schlegel brothers—or shall we say Darwin and Einstein? In its ideology its central idea was that of evolution or growth or development or mere change, an idea worked out in the eighteenth century by romanticism, in the nineteenth century by science. Closely associated with this idea was the idea of relativity—the conception that, as species in nature, the swan and the dove, for example, are incomparable in their modes of beauty, so also different poets are incomparable, the work of each having its own beauty, and different critics are incomparable, the point of view of each having its own validity. In respect to technique, our research was scientific—as scientific, at least, as its materials permitted. In the field of language, especially, its materials seemed to many scholars to permit the creation of a genuine science, a science indispensable for the understanding of human society, and in the training of literary scholars this science was long given an extraordinary emphasis.

In the field of literature, the only subject that lent itself in large measure to the technique of science was literary history. The final end aimed at by research both in language and in literary history was understanding of literature. It was believed that the attempt to understand literature, to see the thing as it really is, involved above all a study of the causes that produced the literary results, so that attention was naturally focussed upon origins, sources, influences. Since these causes are infinitely complex, there was danger in seeking to trace the history of literature in *vacuo;* consequently scholars found themselves more and more deeply involved in general history,—political, social, economic, and so on,—and finally in psychological history, the study of literature in terms of the inner history of the author and his times. Again, it was believed that true understanding of literature depended largely on understanding of the language, words and their combinations being the medium of expression, so that the study of language was pursued not only for its value in the interpretation of human history, but also for its value in the interpretation of literary masterpieces. It was likewise perceived that we must, of course, have the most accurate, the most pure, texts of all authors studied, so that much energy was given to the principles and practice of sound editing.

In all of these and other activities, a constant effort was made to employ the method of science, both in the collection of data and in processes of reasoning. Demonstrable fact tended to be prized above all else, and a factual or mechanical frame of mind tended to dominate in research, in publication, in teaching. The process of studying literature came to be thought of as a scientific discipline, a certain type of "learning," the result of which was a more or less remarkable erudition. The ideal scholar came to be thought of as a sort of sleuthhound or detective, preternaturally keen of scent, a sensational Sherlock Holmes. The qualities of scholarship were held to be accuracy and thoroughness. While non-scientific qualities were often extolled when they happened to manifest themselves, little or no effort was made to develop such qualities. Naturally enough, the scholarship of an age permeated with scientific thought and scarcely

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any other thought was, so far as the art of literature permitted, a scientific scholarship.

It would be superfluous to celebrate the achievements of this type of scholarship, its triumphs in language, in literary history, in the making of trustworthy texts, variorum editions, bibliographies, and concordances, and above all, in firmly establishing a respect for fact. Everyone is aware of these triumphs, and daily reminded of them. Everyone is agreed as to the virtues of the important books that are the fine fruit of this scholarship, books like Professor Root's edition of Chaucer's "Troilus and Criseyde" and Professor Lowes's masterpiece of historical recreation, "The Road to Xanadu," to name only two recent examples. The mode of research that attained a sort of culmination in the past thirty years has performed a vast amount of work indispensable for the understanding and consequently for the appraisal of great literature. This is simple truth and must never be forgotten. Today, however, I see no danger of our forgetting it; the danger is rather that of remembering it too complacently, of resting content in our labors and smugly refusing to envisage the new labors that lie before us, of shunning the application to our own scholarship of that law so prominent in our ideology, the law of change.

* * *

The signs of change in our scholarship are the same as the signs of change in the modern temper generally: an increasing aimlessness and weariness, an increasing suspicion that the premises of our thought are inadequate. We are beginning to see more clearly, in our scholarship, the defects of our qualities. They were less apparent thirty years ago, when the classical and Christian traditions still performed a lingering service in offsetting the one-sidedness of the scientific vision of life and of education. More and more our defects stand forth nakedly. They are becoming the wonderment even of the natural scientists, who, instead of being flattered by our attempt to scientize letters, are concerned lest we lose contact with those distinctive qualities of literature which give it a place in life and in education, those unscientific qualities which, it seems, many betray the cause of letters, since the scientifically minded will gravitate to other fields better suited to scientific discipline, and those not scientifically minded will be repelled. Let us note the outspoken warnings of leading minds in the humanities, the English historian George Macaulay Trevelyan, for example, who points to the danger that history faces, of "wasting much of its force by not knowing well enough what to do with the ever-increasing mass of facts. . . . We have, as historians, not only to collect facts, but to think about them." Similarly, Edwin Greenlaw, professor of English literature at Johns Hopkins, warns* us that at present "our greatest need is for the reinterpretation of literature in the light of our immense accumulation of facts. To prevent a new scholasticism, to make full use of the deeper and richer interpretation which will come to us if we seek it, to complete the union between scholarship and life which was one high aim of the early humanists, is the greatest duty confronting graduate departments of literature. Classical and modern language departments must cooperate with the department of English in this task, since literature of all periods and races is to be involved in the movement."

This, indeed, must be the program of a School of Letters in the decades that lie before us. If the cause of letters is not to be discredited in the twentieth century, if it is not to perish in scholasticism or Alexandrianism, if it is to be reasserted, boldly and not apologetically, if it is to offer something which science cannot offer, if we are to show that letters are strong where science is weak just as science is strong where letters are weak, we must hold before us as exemplars in the coming time, not Bacon, not Darwin, not Einstein, whose realm is not our realm, but rather the humanists of the Renaissance, above all, Erasmus, who was indeed a "man of letters" in the full sense. If we could recall in the flesh, one figure from the past, one person speaking with authority in the realm of letters, I imagine we could not do better than summon that extraordinary "citizen of the world." With incomparable irony he would lay bare the follies to which we are still dedicated, and annihilate them in ridicule; nor would he fail to interpenetrate his devastating wit with pointed suggestions of conversion to more adequate ideals.

In a sense, Erasmus is still easy of access, thanks to the invention of printing in the Renaissance and the labors of scholarly editors and historians ever since. We are in a position to guess, with some accuracy, his outlook upon the present scene in literary education and scholarship. He could hardly fail, on the one hand, to do justice to our achievement in the past hundred years, nor, on the other hand, to propose a decided shift in emphasis for the sake of a smilarly great achievement in the next hundred years.

* * *

To begin with, we need, he would assert, emphasis on other and more relevant backgrounds than those we have been exploiting. In language, we need emphasis on the nature and process of taste, if we are to go beyond the results of the scientific study of words and syntax. In addition to the various historical backgrounds to which we now give atten-

[illegible] to other parts of that whole. Each art throws light on the others, and on the meaning of art in general. Again, we need emphasis on philosophy, with which literature has an intimate relation, each giving a *Weltanschauung* in terms of its own technique. The scholar should know early, and at first hand, Plato, Aristotle, and other makers of landmarks in the history of thought. He should also acquire from some study of philosophy an interest in ideas, a desire to think, to speculate, if his special labors in scholarship are to serve intelligent ends. We need, once more, a knowledge of religion, which is still another sort of *Weltanschauung*, a knowledge of some of the great religions of the world, particularly the history and literature of Christianity; and along with knowledge, if possible, a serious interest in religious experience. In regard to foreign languages and literatures, our background needs are urgent. The classical scholar cannot have a vital understanding of the ancient world unless he is also at home in the modern world; he should know intimately much of English literature and if possible one modern foreign literature. The scholar in the modern languages, on the other hand, needs, even more imperatively, a knowledge of the ancient world and of Greek and Latin in the original, if he is to understand the modern literatures profoundly inspired by antiquity. In answer to those who hold that the ancient languages, especially Greek, can be dispensed with, we may declare, with the humanist Guarino, that "those who are ignorant of the Greek tongue decry its necessity, for reasons which are sufficiently evident."

* * *

So much for changes of emphasis among the backgrounds of literature. But backgrounds, the influences that exert a formative effect on literature, we too often forget, are less important than the foreground, literature itself. From the study of causes we must pass to the study of results. Beyond the study of language, of literary history, of general history, of philosophy, of fine arts, lies the study of literature, the end of all our elaborate propædeutical activity. Finally arrived at creative literature, how are we to deal with it?

In the first place, we are to study it from the creative point of view. We are to study it from the inside, we are to see it, so far as possible, with the eyes of the creative artist. By means of the work of art, we are to seek to return, in the language of Benedetto Croce, to the artist's inner expression, the intuition that he chose to externalize. Here the method of science and the factual mood of science will no longer avail; we need, rather, emotion, esthetic sensitiveness, the power of dramatically projecting ourselves into another personality, for which all our propædeutical activity supplies little more than negative guidance. Insight of this sort may be a gift of the gods, but like other gifts, such as the insight of the scientist or detective, it may be developed by exercise. It may even be prepared for by still another kind of propædeutical activity, namely, practice in original creative writing, the attempt, however uninspired, to do what literary artists do —that is, write poems, stories, or plays. For the literary scholar, perhaps the best laboratory after all is pen, paper, and wastebasket. If he accomplishes nothing more, he will learn to write readable English.

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In the second place, we are to study literature from the critical point of view. We must seek to develop taste, that is, unconscious criticism, which in the end rests upon conscious criticism. We must learn to take a lively and serious interest in values, since values are the very *raison d'être* of literature. To the literary artist the world and human life in the world are something to be valued, not something to be described and explained in the manner of the scientist. To the poet everything is good or bad, nothing mere matter of fact. And the scholar must follow the poet, rather than the scientist. He must deal with the values found in the world and human life by writers of the past; he must interpret these values, and to interpret them he must have a point of view of his own, a scale of values to which they may be referred. At least until the romantic movement, there was a fairly consistent scale of values in the tradition of humane letters, stretching all the way from Homer to Goethe, perhaps the only scale of values really appropriate for the scholar who would deal seriously and sympathetically with the artistic thought of the past. I am well aware of the chaos

[illegible] coming years must face this problem and make his choice for the sake of his scholarship. From *some* point of view he must deal with the value of literary works, asking all three of the questions framed by Goethe: "What did the author propose to himself? Is what he proposes reasonable and sensible? And how far has he succeeded in carrying it out?" He will not fail to deal resolutely with the second, the most difficult of these questions. Even in history, as Preserved Smith remarks, the witness of each document must be cross-examined not only in the light of the whole history of the epoch, but also in the light of "the whole of the historian's philosophy."

* * *

In literature, at least as much as in history, our most significant truth can only be partial or provisional. But the search for significant truth we cannot surrender in favor of a search for insignificant truth. If our present literary scholarship is to be justified by its fruits, if our research in the realm of change and relativity is to attain its rational end, our scholars must turn more and more to a higher research in the realm of the constant and permanent, which is the realm of criticism. Our future scholarship, seeking to surmount the method and mood of the Modern Language Association and similar organizations, has much to learn from the expressionism of Croce in Italy, the impressionism of Cazamian in France and Oliver Elton in England, the *Geistesgeschichte* of Unger and Korff in Germany, and the critical humanism of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More in America.

Rising above our mere scientism and historicity, we shall confront the problems that concern scholarship rather than learning. As Donaldson declared three quarters of a century ago, "Not all learned men are accomplished scholars, though any accomplished scholar may, if he chooses to devote the time to the necessary studies, become a learned man." Our goal is not erudition but scholarship, the union of accuracy, thoroughness, culture, taste, and critical judgment. To produce men and women capable of such scholarship, we shall have to renovate our education, eventually, all the way from the primary school to the graduate school. One essential step we may take at once, however, by elevating the requirements for the doctorate, which should be made

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*English in Modern Education: Aims and Method. *School and Society*, April 21, 1917. In a book on "The Province of Literary History," however,—a book published in March, 1931,—Dr. Greenlaw supports the *status quo*. He defends our present scholarship against the attacks of Dr. Canby and the academic humanists, whose program of literary study, as he conceives, consists of "preparation for writing leading articles for the *Saturday Review of Literature*." He represents the humanists as believing that literary history is the same as "pedantry" or "futile antiquarianism" and that "the incubus of research must be driven out at all costs," although no humanist has expressed these opinions. And in answer to these alleged opinions he states as the central thesis of his book that "we need literary history as well as literary criticism," a truth that neither Dr. Canby nor any of the humanists has ever denied.

Since Dr. Greenlaw charges me with not recognizing the extent and value of the province of literary history, I may refer the reader to my "American Criticism," pp. 252-53, "The American Scholar," pp. 8, 12-13, 21-22, and "Toward Standards," pp. 36-37. With Dr. Greenlaw, I insist upon the use and deplore only the abuse of literary history.

I am further charged with seeking to impose a single method of literary study upon everybody in disregard of the scholar's "right . . . to the utmost freedom." I hope that the present article delivered originally as an address more than a quarter of a year before Di[illegible] book appeared, is answer enough. The time [illegible] seems to me, when we must liberalize the single [illegible] literary study which is still imposed, by the spiri[illegible] when the letter faileth, on young scholars from [illegible]t.

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to signify reasonable progress toward a well-rounded scholarship such as I have tried to describe, along with evidence of a special capacity for any one side, linguistic, historical, creative, or critical.

For the graduate school of the coming decades must take all of letters for its province. It must provide training for linguists, historians of literature, creative authors, and critics, a mode of training adapted to the needs of each group and at the same time relating the several groups to each other by insistence upon the ideal of well-rounded scholarship. Such training would soon tend to reunite the hostile elements in our national literary scene. Today the academic and non-academic servants of letters are in derisive conflict, the public itself, with substantial common sense, siding with the authors and critics against the professor of literature. We have a sharp divorce between the journalist critics, who despise learning yet need it, and the men of learning, who despise criticism yet need it. We have a divorce between the creative authors, unhappily indifferent to the letters of the past, and the scholars, unhappily indifferent to the letters of the present. It is now plain that the result of these artificial divisions is nothing less than the impoverishment of our national literature and culture. We can now see that in the field of letters, as in so many other fields, the principle of specialization of function is valuable only when it does not negate the principle of integrity, and that here, as in other fields, the urgent need of the time is not centrifugal but centripetal, a pulling together toward a common center as the imperative condition of clear purpose and fruitful diversity of achievement hereafter. The times call for integration.

We are rapidly losing the last survivors of a generation that produced scholars like George Edward Woodberry, poet, editor, critic, biographer, and teacher, and are not replacing them. In the preceding generation university professors like Longfellow and Lowell brought scholarship into organic relation with American literature, criticism, and culture. At the beginning of the modern movement, the Schlegel brothers in Germany made scholarship a part of a much larger whole, as Erasmus and the Italian humanists had done in the Renaissance. I am not disposed to deny that our latter-day specialism, pursuing various narrow trails in oblivion of everything else, has laid before us a great deal of new knowledge, but I cannot help thinking that new knowledge is not useful until it is used, and that the time has come for the twentieth century to begin to use—to sort, order, weigh, apply—what the nineteenth century and the past three decades accumulated.

Huxley in Propria Persona

MUSIC AT NIGHT AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Aldous Huxley. New York: The Fountain Press. Limited signed edition. $10.

Reviewed by Edward Cushing

LONG ago Mr. Aldous Huxley made, and often since he has reiterated, his confession of faith in science. It is a faith at whose roots, however, one may detect a fundamental and persistent scepticism: science may analyze effects but it is powerless to determine causes. Thus Mr. Huxley allows that "the ductless glands secrete among other things our moods, our aspirations, our philosophy of life," but he can know very little of how, and nothing at all of why, this should be so, nor can endocrinologists offer him enlightenment. The processes of nature (and these include all voluntary and involuntary manifestations of will, of purpose, of destiny in the world and the universe) are still in their origins mysterious and it is Mr. Huxley's belief—it is at least his supposition, that they must always remain so.

But though men cannot penetrate with intellect as a tool into the heart of Truth (it is a word he does not hesitate to capitalize), intuition, like the magnetometer of the geophysicist prospecting for mineral deposits in the earth's core, may sometimes discover to him what is there. It is in this sense that Mr. Huxley as philosopher and as artist is a realist: his speculations and his beliefs are conditioned by reality as revealed to him through the agency of his intellect and his intuitions. Both to him are essential as organs of perception and the findings of each must be subjected to a critique based upon the findings of the other. "Materialism and mentalism—the philosophies of 'nothing but.'" Nothing but space, time, matter, and motion; nothing but spirit—how boring and tiresome they are! he cries. "Enough of 'nothing but.' It is time to say again, with primitive commonsense (but for better reasons), 'not only, but also.'" Not only matter, not only spirit; not only Lucretius, not only Dante; but matter *and* spirit, Lucretius *and* Dante.

Thus with "De rerum natura" in one hand and the "Divine Comedy" in the other Mr. Huxley prosecutes his search for truth. What should surprise those who fashioned his earlier reputation for inferior sensibility, for scepticism of any and all spiritual values, is his preferential reliance on Dante as a guide: "The only philosophy of life which has any prospect of being permanently valuable," he writes, "is a philosophy which takes in all the facts—the facts of mind and the facts of matter, of instinct and intellect." But he admits without embarrassment as without reluctance that "an exaggeration of the significance of the soul and the individual, at the expense of matter, society, machinery, and organization, seems to me an exaggeration in the right direction." And this in 1931 is scientific, economic, and political heresy.

Probably, one feels Mr. Huxley is happy to be a heretic. Immoderation in thought and deed is characteristic of all true believers, and Mr. Huxley is an apostle of proportion. The humanist movement

ALDOUS HUXLEY

neglected in him a valuable proselyte—for the law of measure has received in our time no simpler, more enlightening, or convincing exposition and defense than one which he assigns, in the novel "Point Counter Point," to the pen of Philip Quarles. Maybe from the humanist point of view its sweet reasonableness was a fault; even in defense of what he calls the realistic golden mean Mr. Huxley forbore from extremes, and such reticence was not likely to recommend him, in the brief day of their glory, to the mercies of Babbitt and More and their humanistic followers. And certainly no other camp will receive him, for he will swear to none an unconditional and uncritical allegiance. The realists must despise him, for he has spoken in praise of "the soul and solitude and nature"; the romanticists must reject him, because he has given the devil, incarnate in the scientist, his due.

The essays in "Music at Night" will contribute hardly at all to enhance Mr. Huxley's reputation. They appeared originally, the greater number of them, in various monthly publications in England and the United States. Their tone is casual and they say nothing or very little that Mr. Huxley has not said before and to better effect in his novels and stories. Their platitudinous statement and explanation of simple experiences and conclusions having to do with letters and with life Mr. Huxley may defend in the words that introduce his reflections on Art and the Obvious: "All great truths are obvious truths." Elsewhere than in these pages, however, Mr. Huxley has made their statement more arresting, more significant. He has talked more effectively as Philip Quarles, or Mark Rampion, or Francis Chelifer, than in his own character. But "Music at Night" because it is platitudinous, because it is composed of obvious truths expressed in their simplest terms, may help at least to clarify his point of view to those who have not understood it as it has been expounded in the pages of his novels. It may serve, too, as a further correction of a common misconception of Mr. Huxley, who has been for too long celebrated as a satirist to the detriment of his reputation as a "wholly-truthful" writer—a writer who, as he says of another immeasurably greater than himself, records experiences that correspond without actual or potential experiences, "and correspond not on a single limited sector, but all along the line of our spiritual and physical being."

A Self-Portrait

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL FOCH. Translated by Col. T. Bentley Mott. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by T. H. Thomas

SOME years ago we were shown in the Sunday pictorial supplements the rather unusual scene of Maréchal Foch unveiling a statue to himself. In his Memoirs he indulges once again in this experience and presents an image shaped and fashioned by his own hand:—a revised monument, so to speak, far more spirited and commanding and Napoleonic. It is in every sense a work of art: rising masterfully above the prosaic details of matter of fact accuracy to reach the imposing effects of a historical portrait in the grand manner. What we have, in short, is neither a historical record, nor a personal memoir, nor a commentary giving Foch's own views of what happened,—but a deft rearrangement and selection of all these so as to present Foch's later conception of the role he played in the war. It is not only a "revised" but a very artificial conception.

What the book reveals is not Foch's actual role, and perhaps not his actual character, but the attitude of mind he drifted into in his later years. For so great a man it is by no means an attractive attitude; and his fame would be rather brighter if the book had never been written. We see him taking not merely the centre of the stage but the whole; other commanders, allies, colleagues, and subordinates are reduced to the status of mere executants of his own orders, with almost never a word of praise or recognition. In singular contrast to Haig's "Despatches" or Pétain's "Verdun" the contribution of the private soldier is passed unnoticed: Foch not only pays little tribute of recognition but seems to give the matter attention or interest,—and in general he treats military struggle not as a desperate reality worked in flesh and blood but as an intellectual operation—an expression of abstract ideas emanating (rather like cosmic rays) from his own brain. Many of these ideas are set forth in quotations from documents and correspondence; and it must be confessed that at times they seem decidedly abstract and remote—almost as if he had never left the École de Guerre. Although too fragmentary to justify a general impression, they leave a disturbing feeling that perhaps Foch's role was very different from the outward impression of the time, and that his colleagues and subordinates may have played far more a part in the final achievement than was ever supposed.

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As against all this, there remains the solid fact that Foch's conduct of things in 1918 ended in victory. It is the *ultima ratio* in military history as in war itself; and in the end his name will stand by his military record, not upon his book. To unsuccessful generals it is not vouchsafed to reverse the decree by post-mortem explanations;—and by this same rule Foch's accomplishment of his task should prevail over this distorted and very misleading version.

The Memoirs were never finished; and the published volume is made up of two separate fragments. The first deals with Foch's local roles in 1914; the second with the period of the Supreme Command in 1918. The period after the Armistice is not touched on, and the years 1915, 1916, and 1917 are left blank. This gap is bridged over by a brief summary "prepared under the direction of Marshal Foch's military associates." It may be noted that this corresponds closely in style and treatment with his own chapters. After a hasty first impression, one reader at least assumed as a matter of course that the whole book had been put together by an aide or military secretary, with some slight revision by Foch himself. But the illustrations in the French and English editions together reproduce pages of manuscript in Foch's own script from both the earlier and later sections;—so that apparently he had worked out the whole narrative with his own hand.

The narrative is very clearly not a personal recollection of important events, but a summary of a headquarters diary supplemented by quotations from documents and correspondence attached to that office record. The result is neither a personal memoir, nor a

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careful historical study covering the information that became available after the war. It has none of the value of a contemporary record, and as history it is wholly out of date. Most striking of all is the scarcity of commentary or personal reflections. The text gives very definitely the impression of a writer making a laborious *précis* of detailed events which have long passed out of memory—but allowing himself to reshape this material from a very personal angle, in fact, quite according to his own fancy. As is so common in memoirs by participants, the author has paid little attention to the mass of material published since 1918, and assumes cheerfully that it is unknown to his readers. In 1919 this volume would have been a stirring and satisfying story; in 1931 it has rather the character of an old man's tale. Once again we see the attack of the Forty-second Division turning the tide of battle at the Marne,—although years ago the Commander of that Division explained that the attack never took place. Once again we read the much exploited tale of Foch galvanizing the routed British to turn and fight again at Ypres; a careful scrutiny of time and place proved long ago that the episode was a finished piece of fiction. Once again we see Foch's taking over the Supreme Command at Doullens interpreted in this same fashion; and from start to finish the events of 1918 are presented with the most consistent and studied unfairness to both Haig and Pétain. Studied misrepresentation would hardly be too strong a term;—and the handling of evidence for various episodes in this period might be offered as a model of historical special pleading.

It was in no such spirit that Foch actually played the game in 1918;—and it was for a spirit very different from this, for a character known and tested and proven by four years of war, that he was turned to and followed in the most critical hour. Often enough some hint of this real Foch appears between the lines of his reworked and unsatisfactory self-portrait:—for once, when he pauses to pay his ungrudging tribute to Joffre.

"Old Forrest"

BEDFORD FORREST. By Eric William Sheppard. New York: The Dial Press. 1930. $5.

BEDFORD FORREST and His Critter Company. By Andrew Nelson Lytle. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by A. Howard Meneely

Dartmouth College

THESE two biographies of General Forrest are further evidence of the growing interest of late years in the military leaders of the Civil War. Both books are the product of scholarly research and of earnest efforts to present interestingly the strenuous career of the great Confederate cavalryman. Captain Sheppard, a British officer, has been especially anxious to have his readers know Forrest as a man and as a soldier. Here and there throughout his narrative he has introduced brief pen pictures of the man and his deeds, and to make the story colorful he has invented a few characters who while imaginary he believes to be true to type. One may well question, however, whether it is necessary in treating so picturesque a figure as Forrest to have recourse to impressionism. Mr. Lytle's vivid biography proves quite conclusively that it is not.

The major emphasis in both books is, of course, on Forrest's activities as a cavalry commander. Captain Sheppard seems to have been solicitous to include every detail, however insignificant, of the movements in which the general was engaged. As a result his narrative is often slow moving and rather wearisome. At times Forrest himself is almost lost in a maze of military minutiæ. In some of the intimate pen sketches the author comes nearest to fulfilling his purpose of making the general live in the minds of his readers. Here Forrest stands forth in clear relief. One can easily visualize him galloping up and down the lines roaring oaths and orders, or perhaps turning aside to thrash with a stick a timid soldier who is taking to cover.

Mr. Lytle has also gone into much detail, but he has shown a more discriminating sense of emphasis and has told his story with such skill and clarity that the interest of the reader is sustained, and one is able to follow with fascination the general's lightning-like movements. The chapters on the pursuit of Colonel Abel Streight and the Battles of Chickamauga and Brice's Cross Roads are really thrilling.

Any biographer of Forrest suffers somewhat of a handicap in presenting a figure whose services were of importance, but who never had an opportunity to play a leading part in the Civil War. No serried hosts moved into battle by his order. He rarely had more than a few thousand men under his command, and never directed a great campaign. While he believes Forrest to have been the greatest cavalryman of the Confederacy, Captain Sheppard does not ascribe to him the fine arts of the trained strategist or tactician. He presents the general primarily as a rough and ready raider, unschooled, equipped only with a native capacity for leadership, common sense, and an eye for opportunities. Mr. Lytle gives full credit to the General as a cavalryman, but points out that very often Forrest dismounted his men and used them as infantry. Also he contends and offers proof that Forrest developed a keen appreciation of the larger military aspects of the war and adds that if the General had been permitted to carry out the plans he proposed, Sherman might have encountered more serious trouble, possibly disaster, in his march into Georgia in 1864. The obstacle to their execution, Mr. Lytle shows, was the obtuseness of President Davis and General Bragg. Neither of these men measured Forrest at his true worth, nor did they understand the signal importance of the Western theatre in which he operated. Their blindness in these respects the author believes to have been among the major misfortunes of the Confederacy. Davis discovered his mistake as regards Forrest after the war was over and frankly confessed his error.

Forrest himself was never greater than in the closing months of the conflict when the blunders of his superiors were coming home to roost. When desertions were crippling all the Southern armies in the field he, almost alone, recruited his "critter company" to battle strength and found plenty to feed them. Of this Mr. Lytle says: "No such confidence had been shown in any other leader, Lee not excepted." Men joined up with "Old Forrest" and put their faith in him because he won his battles and did so at a minimum of cost. No commander, North or South, drove his troops harder than Forrest, yet none was more insistent against their useless sacrifice. "Whenever one of them went down in battle, there had to be a definite result for payment. It had to be as near certain as the expectation of man is able to require. To him they were not numbers in squads but personalities, and his treatment and demands were almost patriarchal." During the last year Forrest waged war as though the fate of the Confederacy depended upon his own efforts. It was with recently recruited forces that in June, 1864, he fought at Brice's Cross Roads one of the hardest battles of the war and came out of it with an overwhelming victory. Upon hearing the news General Sherman angrily declared that Forrest must be followed to the death "if it costs ten thousand lives and breaks the Treasury. There will never be peace in Tennessee until Forrest is dead!" Sherman and Grant appreciated the cavalry leader's quality, even if Davis and Bragg did not: he was of their own kind.

Tragedy and Solution

DWARF'S BLOOD. By Edith Olivier. New York: Viking Press. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

IN this novel Miss Olivier treats of a dwarf—a perfectly proportioned, beautiful, gifted child of two normal parents. Such a figure at once reminds the reader of Mr. Walter de la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget" and of the interlude in Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Crome Yellow"; but in both of those the fascination was almost that of a fairy tale; the dwarves in them had no feeling that they were abnormal, and our delight came from watching them make a world for themselves as boys do on an island or a tree-top, and from seeing our own world from a new angle, as we do when we play on the floor with children and rediscover the forgotten undersides of tables and legs of chairs. The illusion, in those books, was marvellously sustained, but still we knew it for an illusion, for after all such a pygmy must in fact encounter the abhorrence, the curiosity, and the pity which are accorded to deformity, and his consciousness of his beauty and genius must make them only the more bitter. At the beginning of "Dwarf's Blood" Miss Olivier considers this problem realistically.

Nicholas Roxerby, a young Australian millionaire, comes home to England to succeed to a baronetcy and an estate; he falls in love and marries, and is ideally happy until it becomes apparent that his eldest son will always be tiny, a freak of nature. Nicholas turns savagely upon his wife and lays the blame on her reading of fairy tales before the child's birth, with an unreasonable fury which is incomprehensible until his mother unexpectedly arrives in England, and proves to be a dwarf. The apparition of this overdressed, screaming, tyrannical monstrosity is a masterstroke of the author's; almost in the moment of her appearance we comprehend, with a surprised recognition, her whole life and her son's: the bitterness that has made her vulgar and arrogant, and which drove her keen mind to piling up a vast fortune, all in the hope of forcing some admiration from the world; Nicholas's horror of his overbearing mother, and his desperate attempt to think that his son's abnormality is not indeed inherited from him.

This scene forms the climax to the first half of the book, the story of Nicholas; after this the main interest shifts to his little son Hans, and to his wife, torn between her husband and the son he cannot bear to think of. With the change of interest comes a change of tone. Lady Roxerby succeeds in keeping Hans in ignorance of the way in which he will be regarded by people in general; and Hans grows up in the delicate, fantastic atmosphere of "Memoirs of a Midget" or the dwarf-chapters of "Crome Yellow." As we read, we feel ourselves grow clumsy and coarse and ugly; we feel ourselves growing stupid as Atlas and all the other giants. And this idyll gains a peculiar poignancy from the fact that it is not a mere invention of the author, but an illusion that is maintained by constant effort, in constant danger of destruction, by Lady Roxerby; and Sir Nicholas is always in the background, to remind us of the carefully excluded reality.

But this, which might have been the greatest strength of the book, is in the end its greatest weakness. If we watch Hans growing up with a painful intensity of interest, it is because we know that sooner or later his fragile happiness must come to an end; his encounter with every-day life is a *scène à faire*. We are indeed shown his awakening; but it is managed a good deal too facilely. Nicholas's reconciliation with his son, his son's with mankind, are made far too easily and too rapidly to be credible. A genuine resolution of the discords without tragedy, might or might not have been possible, but Miss Olivier has not made it; one feels that her kind heart has been too much for her. And as it is the book falls apart; the first half is realistic, the latter purely romantic, without the return to realism we expected, and we feel cheated of the pity we expended on Hans while we felt him to be unconsciously approaching an inevitable tragedy. The two parts of the novel, the one the story of Sir Nicholas and his mother, the other of Lady Roxerby and her son, are both excellent, but the book as a whole is less satisfactory than it might have been.

A Balanced Ration for Week-End Reading

THE VOLGA FALLS TO THE CASPIAN SEA. By Boris Pilnyak. *Cosmopolitan.*

A long, somewhat straggling, but impressive Bolshevik novel which is an epic of labor and man's conquest of nature.

ENGLAND, THE UNKNOWN ISLE. By Paul Cohen-Portheim. *Dutton.*

An Australian's analysis of England and the English.

THE AMERICAN BLACK CHAMBER. By Herbert O. Yardley. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

An account of the decipherment of secret codes during the World War.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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An Epic of Labor

THE VOLGA FALLS TO THE CASPIAN SEA. By BORIS PILNYAK. Translated by Charles Malamuth. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN COURNOS

THERE was a time when the characters of great Russian fiction did not work. Work, pronounced upon man as his curse and punishment, did not appear conducive to the free expression of his emotions, to the free interplay of his inner and outer conflicts. The hero of Russian fiction loved and hungered and killed, and between times sat around the samovar and talked about God, and conscience, and evil, and what not. God has disappeared from Russian fiction; so has the samovar; above everything, idleness. The new Russian hero works, works hard; for that matter, all the minor characters are heroes, and they also work hard; they have developed a will, something which they had not known before, a will to work.

From its inception, Marxian criticism, in developing its theory of so-called dialectic materialism, has extolled this idea of work, and has reiterated the need of the proletarian creative writer expressing the idea emotionally and not in propagandist terms. The first writers to respond to the cry of the critics failed lamentably. There is the case of Gladkov's "Cement," which found a large public; it had more enthusiasm than artistic worth. Now, however, comes Pilnyak with a book which, if it fails of being a masterpiece, is significant because it does, in a large measure, express with art the notion that labor—at all events, labor with a purpose, with the will of a whole people behind it—can achieve the dignity and nobility of an epic. Is the Russian people mistaken in its purpose? Is its will misdirected? All this is beside the point. What is convincing is that the theme in the hands of an artist becomes as plausible as any other theme treated by the craftsman capable of thinking passionately, in emotional images.

There is a dynamic force in Pilnyak's novel suited well to the theme; its real hero is Construction, which dominates the race—the "collective," to use the parlance of the time—as it must have dominated the medieval races which poured themselves into cathedrals. Factories and dams are not cathedrals; but if we are to believe the novelist—and we must believe him in the measure that his art conveys convincing images—the force that goes to their building is fervently religious. The fervent Communist may reject the idea; but it is obvious that psychology, not economic ideas, is an important part of a novelist's equipment.

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Pilnyak's novel is a realistic allegory of man's conquest over nature, incidentally over human nature—such is the implication. Old Professor Poletika, an engineer, is working over a terrific project, that of diverting the flow of a mighty river in a different direction from the one fated for it by nature, in order that it may fertilize new fields and transform deserts, "advancing" against Europe, into outposts of fertility. "Russia has always been the outpost and protector of Europe. . . . We shall check the deserts once more, again saving Europe. . . . Now, however, we protect Europe no longer with our flesh, but with our knowledge," says Professor Poletika. This worker, this engineer, is a "marshal," but he is not a marshal of men with bayonets and machine-guns, but of men handling spades and excavating machines, which are no longer man's masters but his servants. Poletika's wife has run away from him to a younger man, also an engineer, who ironically enough is the man who constructs the immense monolith to divert the river's flow under Poletika's direction. Poletika, a good Communist, does not allow personal considerations to distract him from his great task. A heroic will, a stoic self-abnegation, move him, dominate him to the exclusion of all other passions. Others under him, including the man who has stolen his wife, are still, in weak moments, subject to the ills of the older human nature; the demon of sex ruins them for the Communist cause; and heavy is the retribution that overtakes them from the "collective."

And here a serious admission must be made: some of the scenes which take place between the "backsliders" and the women who are the cause of their downfall—scenes in the sense, of the traditional Russian novel—are among the finest and most touching things in the book. The women remain the women of Tolstoy, Turgeniev, and Dostoievsky; they are in nowise different from the "Sisters of Mercy" of Remizov. And that is their glory, their saving grace. We would not have them away for all the Communism of the world. The portraits of Maria Fyodorovna, Olga Alexandrovna, and Lyubov Pimenovna are particularly memorable. And it is clear that the novelist is in sympathy with them, and that not only does he think Russian women unchanged and unchangeable, but that he does not desire to see them other than as they are.

What of human nature in general? Does the author think it can be diverted as the flow of a river is diverted? It is evident that Pilnyak is still preoccupied with atavistic tendencies which have brought him the rebuke of the critics of the Left. For he is still concerned with "the beast in man," and the word "wolf" is again and again reiterated in his pages. "We both are like wolves. . . ." "My darling, have you ever been at the hounding of the wolves?" One remembers the phrase of a Russian critic: "Men-wolves, how many of them, together with real wolves, crowd Pilnyak's pages!"

This novel, full of mystical phrases and reiterated mannerisms, is not improved by the present translation. The very title is faulty. A river flows to the sea, or it falls into the sea; it does not fall *to* the sea. "The mists were hastening to disappear." Why not simply, "The mists were fast disappearing"? There is the repeated use of the Russian word, "banya," when the word, "bathhouse," is a perfectly good equivalent. The "pre-dawn barking of dogs" is awkward; the translator would surely not say, the "dawn barking of dogs." There is a dog in the book called "Volk"; why not "Wolf"? And why not "Citizens" instead of the deadly "Citizenesses"? Such things—and there are many of them—only serve to irritate the reader, and to spoil what must be in the original a powerfully rhythmic prose. But even these cannot wholly detract from a novel which deserves to be read not only by those who are interested in Russia but also by those who respect good literature.

A Bedraggled Career

AFTER LEAVING MR. MACKENZIE. By JEAN RHYS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

IF this book were written with a shade less artistry it would be unbearable. It is a tale of horror as truly as any that deals with the more obvious and objective machinations of the evil spirit. "After Mr. Mackenzie" is a terrible portrait of a woman done to death by life but denied the final *coup de grace* that would free her from the daily and nightly gestures of living. There have been enough bad women, weak women, and victimized women in novels since novels began, yet where will one turn to find so bedraggled and impotent a creature as this Julia Martin of Miss Rhys?

Julia Martin is a woman, no longer quite young, with whom "going from man to man had become a habit," a habit so well established and mechanical when the story opens that whatever emotional beginnings it may have had are buried deep and unguessable under ennui. Julia is the quintessentially supine, but she has the devastating stubbornness of the will-less. Fundamentally there is no help for her because she cannot care about anything long enough even to hope for change. She knows fear, she knows humiliation, and yet almost at the moment of their intensity they begin to slip a little and merge into the general feeling of depression that is to be dulled only with that bottle which the French landlady disapproved of Julia's taking to her room at night ("A man, yes; a bottle, no.")

Julia has become an expert at dulling the edge of life. Feeling darkly, without ever letting herself quite face it, that she is no match for reality, she lies in her room and dreams of places—"of dark shadows of houses in a street white with sunshine; or of trees with slender black branches and young green leaves. . . . She hardly ever thought of men, or of love. . . ." Then on a day, an hour, she will determine on action. Mr. Mackenzie must be made to pay. She whips herself into frenetic activity. She dresses, she goes out, nothing can stop her. But meanwhile she will sit a moment at the café, will take a drink. A pleasant state of relaxation begins to creep over her. Another drink, and memories becloud the present. And so back to the safe isolation of her room, her bed; another day will do for deeds, now for dreams. Never able to get a foothold in the conventionally notched ways of life that ordinary people take for granted, Julia slips little by little down the shabby incline that leads to no kindly specific hell but to that much hollower one—nowhere.

The book is written with something of the balance and beauty of verse. The shifting of a phrase would be a threat against the whole. Words are used like little weights, placed with an almost fractional delicacy. Phrases and words that are lovely and beguiling in their form but ruthless and explicit in their content march the pages undeterred. Slight in scope, minor in key, it perfects itself within its spherical intent. It is a book that does not invite comparisons. It does not appeal as being as-good-as or better-than. Its excellence is individual, intrinsic; it measures itself against itself.

Among papers which recently disappeared from the headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship in London are the original preface to "Dombey and Son," and letters from Queen Victoria, Disraeli, Gladstone, Carlyle, Thackeray, Victor Hugo, and George Meredith.

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER XI

My First

When Phoebus is brilliantly burning,
And the last of the storm has gone by,
You rejoice as you see me returning
To my natural home in the sky.

My Second

If you scrutinize closely the faces
Of the men that you constantly see,
You are sure of detecting the traces
Of a quite irrepressible me.

My Whole

To connubial habits addicted,
I wasn't a bigamous dunce:
I took care to be never afflicted
With more than one partner at once.

NUMBER XII

My First

Hail to the light of the Lord of the Morning!
I am a messenger straight from his fire.

My Second

Firmaments flame in his journey's adorning;
Swiftly he passes me, higher and higher.

My Whole

Woe to the humble that I, the synthetic,
Waxing preëminent, soon shall depose!
How shall the toil of the dull energetic
Lessen the lure of spectacular hose?

The SATURDAY REVIEW *regrets that owing to an error of the Composing Room the charades in the issue of July* 11 *were wrongly numbered. Since they repeated the numbers of the charades of the preceding issue, in submitting answers competitors should number those for the issue of July* 4, *VII a and VIII a, and those for that of July* 11 *VII b and VIII b.*

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine, the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to *The Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of *The Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of *The Saturday Review.*

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Time and Space

A NEW MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE. By PETER D. OUSPENSKY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $7.50.

Reviewed by JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE
Author of "The Academy for Souls"

IF by some system of super-persuasion every college professor and author of books and writer for newspapers and magazines could be induced to read "A New Model of the Universe," the new book by Peter D. Ouspensky, the author of "Tertium Organum," it would do more to enlarge their outlooks and conversational range than any other influence that could be brought to bear on their minds. Whether or not all could understand the contents and bearings of Ouspensky's excursions into time and space, the matter of his discourse lifts the individual out of the mud of natural selection and exhibits him as the possessor of richer attributes than were ever included in his everyday thinking.

The phenomena of life are stranger than our mentors allow us to suspect. Biology affords no clues to biography. Nor does it specify the source of our ability to think, plan, coördinate, or to reproduce in material forms what began as conceptions in mind. Nor has it an explanation for that capacity which enables us to be aware of ourselves and the circumstances that surround us. Consciousness is called an organic function, a property of protoplasm, thinking a property of brain stuff, flight a property of wings and so forth. One sees and hears by virtue of eyes and ears. On these terms speed is a property of gasoline, light and traction of electric currents, honey of bees, and walking of legs. Without detracting from the solid body of knowledge that science has provided the race, surely it is fair to say that its conclusions as to the nature and character of mankind are superficial. Ouspensky states:

> Contemporary science by cutting itself off from religion and mysticism, by having set up for itself a definite taboo has become an accidental and unreliable instrument of thought. The constant feel of this taboo compels it to shut its eyes to a whole series of inexplicable and unintelligible phenomena, deprives it of wholesomeness and unity.

"The New Model of the Universe" contains neither magic nor recipes for enlightment. It consists rather of an examination of the premises and eventualities of life from a broader and richer viewpoint, one that does not exclude the question of immortality, the mysteries of variations in individuality, the phenomena of hypnotism, spiritualism, dreams, or the varieties of religious experiences. One is led into an ampler area of reasoning about our circumstances than that which ordains conventional thinking, and furnished on the way with facts for new inferences. Early in the first book, the evolutionary hypothesis that has been put over as the be-all and end-all of speculation about existence is summarily disposed of as representing not causation but merely the process of unfoldment or degeneration. Every change of form taking place over a long period of time whether it be advancement or retrogression is called evolution by modern thought, Ouspensky says, and adds:

> The power of this obligatory stereotype of pseudo-scientific thinking is truly astounding. In the Middle Ages philosophers and scientists had to make all their theories and discussions agree with the dogmas of the Church and in our day the role of these dogmas is played by evolution. It is quite clear that thought cannot develop in these conditions.

"The only way out of the blind alleys created by positivist and speculative thought," the author states, "lies in the psychological method,—that is, the revaluation of all values from the point of view of their own meaning, independently of the outer or accompanying facts on the basis of which they are ordinarily judged." This is the theory of mental detachment, the act of observing phenomena as apart from the instrumentality of cognition, about which there is nothing mysterious since it is the way of mechanics and engineering. The creator is forever external to his creation. But the psychological method calls in addition, for observation of cognition itself, regarding all discoveries and conclusions relatively to the mind that arrives at them. It leads towards the esoteric method which Ouspensky explains, "is in reality an enlarged psychological method, though enlarged in that sense in which we enlarge it by our own efforts."

An idea of the range of "A New Model of the Universe" may be gathered from the chapter heads. These cover esotericism and modern thought, the fourth dimension, Superman, Christianity and the New Testament, the symbolism of the Tarot, what is Yoga, the study of dreams and hypnotism, experimental mysticism, the search of the miraculous, eternal recurrence, sex and evolution.

There is an autobiographical introduction in which the author tells of the early curiosities that led to the exploration of the unknown. At the college of Moscow he had specialized in natural science and psychology, had then entered journalism, and at the beginning we find him turning from an assignment to write an article on the first Hague Conference to a drawer in his desk full of books of the type of the "Occult World," "Life after Death," and others of the kind in which he who had so long kept himself within the bounds of a positivist's world had felt a strange flavor of truth. A deeper meaning and many subtle allegories now appeared in what seemed yesterday to be but naive popular fantasy or crude superstition. Immortality became a possibility. To pursue a fundamental that he apprehended lay submerged beneath these rumors and allusions, Ouspensky began an exploration in search of this traditional wisdom, and discerned an unbroken line of thought and knowledge passing from century to century, from one country to another, a line hidden beneath layers of religion and philosophy unmentioned in their texts, which he recognized as their source. He read, studied, investigated, experimented, explored in Egypt, Ceylon, and India. He decided to write and tell of all that he had found, noting that it was possible to make the ideas of this hidden thought agree with the data of exact knowledge. He realized that the "fourth dimension" made a bridge that could be thrown across the chasm between the old and the new knowledge. Thereafter came flights beyond the threshold of consciousness which as narrated here constitute one of the most fascinating chapters in a work overflowing with strange lore and mystic experiences, the details of which are all carefully related to modern thinking.

The method of exposition is that of objective dialectic. These are approached from some accepted postulate and enlarged by analogy, quotation, and experimental data. One is taken from the known into the unknown. Back of it all is an immense erudition, scientific and esoteric, which generates a narrative of surpassing richness and variety. In his interpretation of the hidden meaning of the gospels and of the actual mission of Christ, Ouspensky is revealed as a biblical student acquainted with the ancient texts. The chapters on Yoga are the most illuminating I have ever found. In his discussions of the fourth dimension it is a profound mathematician who writes, moving easily in the domain of the higher physics amid the theories of Einstein and Eddington.

There is a wealth of new material in his study of dreams dealt with on the basis of personal experiments. Hypnotism is treated from an independent standpoint. Devotees of spiritualism who believe that through its medium they can be informed of conditions in the next world are given short shrift by Ouspensky. There is no denial of phenomena but these are ascribed to suggestion, telepathy, and that submerged faculty for impersonation disclosed in the dramas of dreams.

Incredible as it may seem the author's examination of sex reveals aspects of this subject not found in the stuff of which latter-day novels are woven. Ouspensky is concerned first with sex in its functional relation,—nature's mode of preserving its breeds. He passes on to an analysis of its expressions,—what constitutes normal sex in man, and what is infra-sex. For all categories of infra-sex he says:

> The fundamental characteristic is absence of coördination between the idea of sex and the idea of other normal functions of man whereas in a normal human being sex harmonizes with all other functions including the emotional and the intellectual and even with the desire for the miraculous, if such exists in the soul of a man. To a being of infra-sex, the potential having no independent existence, a normal man appears as one possessed of some incomprehensible and hostile force. With this he conceives it his duty to struggle because he believes he has conquered it in himself.

The author goes on to say that:

> Almost all the morality which has been imposed on the human race; almost all the laws guiding sex life, almost all the restrictions guiding people's choice and decisions in these cases, all taboos and fears come from infra-sex.

And he adds:

> In the whole history of mankind it is impossible to find a more striking example of pathological forms making laws for normal forms; unless we take a broader view and realize that in fact the whole history of mankind is nothing but the rule of pathological forms over normal.

The contradictory and uncoördinated nature of many emotions connected with sex Ouspensky ascribes to differences between types. "For every type of one sex there is one or several positive types of the opposite sex, which arouse desire, then several indifferent and several definitely negative, that is repellent, types." Though science, especially endocrinology, is approaching the problem represented by this differentiation in human types it is still far from recognizing the degrees of divergence. Only in esoteric doctrines is this knowledge to be found, and he assigns the origin of the marriage sacrament to the ancient practice of couples desiring to wed submitting themselves to an *initiate* for determination of their fitness. This idea of inwardly related types constitutes the subtle meaning of the allegory in Plato's "Symposium" about people's severed halves seeking one another.

In this discussion of the fourth and successive dimensions which take up two long chapters of the book, Ouspensky's argument is couched in the terms of mathematical reasoning, but it may be said he makes easier reading of the complexities of the new geometry and physics than do Millikan, Eddington, or Einstein. It is impossible here to pursue the intricacies of this phase of the subject matter but he says: "We may have good reason for saying that we are ourselves beings of four dimensions and are turned towards the third dimension with only one of our sides; with only a small part of our being." And he adds: "Modern psychology is slowly approaching the idea of awakening our consciousness, that is the possibility of a particular state of it when it sees and feels itself in a real world having nothing in common with this world of things and phenomena—in a world of thought, mental images, and ideas."

The basis of Yoga is this idea of changing and broadening consciousness. From the point of view of its principle "man as he is born and lives is an uncompleted and imperfect being but one who can be altered and brought to the development possible to him by means of suitable instruction and training."

There are 541 pages of text in "The New Universe" together with an elaborate index, and this is less than a bird's eye view of a content amazingly varied and singularly enticing. He who would know of the Ancient Wisdom need turn no longer to Blatvatsky for here it is translated into the terms of our own time in a form easily assimilable by the average reader. In his argumentation Ouspensky is concerned rather with proof than with style. Like Dreiser he relies for his effects on cumulation of evidence and is as repetitive and awkward in his verbal construction. But the totality is a great achievement, a work of genius which though it may not be crowned by any of the Academies of the day, will be one of the foundations for that future philosophy which will more accurately interpret the nature of man than those that now ordain our thinking.

Regional Folk Songs

TRADITIONAL BALLADS OF VIRGINIA. Collected under the auspices of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society. Edited by ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, JR. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1929.

Reviewed by LOUISE POUND
University of Nebraska

THIS new source book for lovers of the ballad is limited to English and Scottish ballads, excluding other old songs. Nevertheless, the volume is of impressive magnitude, numbering more than six hundred pages. No lack of patriotism was felt when the limitation was imposed, for no native collection of similar value for age or general attractiveness could be made. It has long been customary to accord the place of honor in folk-song anthologies of the New World to ballads of the type collected in the nineteenth century by Professor Child of Harvard.

To Professor Davis fell the heroic task of setting in order the fifty-one British ballads recovered, in their six hundred and fifty variants, and the one hundred and forty-eight melodies to which they were sung. He supplied data concerning the obtaining of his texts, and made identifying headnotes furnishing an introduction to each ballad and to the Virginia representatives in relation to other American texts. He did not stint the display of variant texts for each ballad, for in these lies much of the interest and value of collections of folk-song. He performed his arduous tasks in admirable fashion, and the result is a volume that—with the exception of "British Ballads in Maine"—is the largest collection specializing in the type of ballad gathered by Professor Child that has yet been printed in this country.

The editor devotes an initial discussion to the old topic "What is a ballad?" and emphasizes the definition of it as a "song that tells a story," for it is with this type that his volume is concerned. He touches, in passing, on the "communal" versus the "individual" theory of ballad origins, with a dexterous and impartial hand, and proceeds to a sketch of the history of ballad-collecting in America, with especial attention to the history of the Virginia volume. He is wisely not inclined to draw too hard and fast a distinction between ballads of the Child type and other ballads and folk-songs, but points out that there exist in Virginia enough Old World survivals to warrant the devotion of a whole volume to them.

A section of several pages is given over to the music and its treatment and to the difficulties of obtaining it. The ballad melodies are printed not in the body of the book but are segregated at the end. It goes without saying that no editorial liberties have been taken with the texts. They are printed exactly as they were sent in, except for the supplying of stanzaic subdivisions and punctuation, and sometimes of more conventional spellings. Of especial local interest is the history, covering some thirty-five pages, of the ballad movement in Virginia out of which the volume grew.

The reader of this latest of our constantly increasing volumes of regional folk-song will feel that Virginia was fortunate to obtain so scholarly an editor for its ballads, and that it should take state pride in a volume so sumptuously and so competently made.

"While many women writers," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "have adopted masculine pen-names, not many men have returned the compliment, but the late Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer, who published several novels under the name of Jane Wardle, was not quite alone in his choice of a feminine pseudonym. Alphonse Daudet at one time wrote under the name of Marie Gaston, Theodore Hook signed his early work Mrs. Ramsbotham, Susan Crick hid the masculinity of Horace Mayhew, Ruth Partington, was in private life Mr. B. P. Shilliber, and Mrs. Horace Manners, was no less a person than Swinburne. Whittier, too, sometimes used a feminine pseudonym, while, most notable of all, Fiona Macleod effectually veiled until his death the identity of the poet-critic William Sharp."

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NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
Best Sellers
The following is a list of the best sellers in fiction and nonfiction at Arthur R. Womrath's, Inc., the last week.
NONFICTION
"Living Philosophies" (Simon & Schuster).
"Since Calvary," by Lewis Browne (Macmillan).
"American Black Chamber," by Herbert O. Yardley (Bobbs-Merrill).
"Ho-Hum" (Farrar & Rinehart).
"Married Love," by Dr. Marie C. Stopes (Putnam).

Why should *Living Philosophies* lead the best-seller list in New York, *Men of Art* lead it in Chicago, and *Adventures in Genius* lead it in Philadelphia?

Why should *The Works of Schopenhauer* and *The Works of Plato*, both issued in *The Philosophers Library*, issued by *The Inner Sanctum*, take a sudden spurt on the Sales Chart in a month traditionally dedicated to hammock reading?

Why should a book called *Scotch —Or It's Smart To Be Thrifty*, sponsored by the old highland firm of MACSIMON AND MACSCHUSTER, and equipped with plaid purchased on a D. A., at 34th Street and Broadway, sell faster at Wanamaker's than at Macy's?

Why should *The Pure In Heart* finally break FRANZ WERFEL'S American hoodoo and yet hover dangerously close to the worst-seller line, despite the accolade of The Book League of America and an unprecedented critical salvo heard around the world?

Why should a titanic prose-poem like *The End of the World*, by GEOFFREY DENNIS, remain unknown beyond an infinitesimal orbit, even after it has won for its author the coveted *Hawthorne Prize for Literature*, presented in England by SIR JAMES JEANS?

These are a few of the inscrutable questions that are perplexing those impatient and eagerly inquiring publishers.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

RETURNS are still coming in concerning *Eden Phillpotts*. *Cyril Clemens*, President of the International Mark Twain Society writes:

"You see that Phillpotts is highly thought of in this Society (by their letter-head), being our Fiction Chairman." He adds that, "It may interest you to know that *Rudyard Kipling* has been offered and accepted our Silver medal for his contribution to literature. The medal was inscribed: 'To Rudyard Kipling, Prince of Authors. . . .' "

William Webster Ellsworth, recently mentioned in this column, contributes:

I was rather shocked by your statement that you had never read a novel by Eden Phillpotts. (We did not mean to imply quite that; we have read one or two—Ed.) I have read and enjoyed many of them, and while I have never regarded him as "a major novelist, towering far above Thomas Hardy," I have liked him for many years, perhaps more years than most of his readers, for I still read occasionally what I have always regarded as his first book, "Folly and Fresh Air," published by the Harpers (uncopyrighted) in 1892. Not many people know it, but it is a little classic for fishermen—very amusing—and my copy has been read and enjoyed by several famous fishers, *Grover Cleveland* among them.

I may condense one of its many delightful stories. The writer is fishing a stream and meets a fellow-angler, who after giving him some much needed advice, says:

"Most annoying thing in the world. I have lost my lunch. It consisted of a neat packet of sandwiches. If you see any such packet, you will greatly oblige me by shouting down stream."

I promised to do so, should Fortune throw his sandwiches in my way. I gave him the leg of a fowl and some salt in a piece of paper, just to keep the wolf from the door, and so we parted under mutual obligations. I was determined to find the man's sandwiches if I could . . . I pictured his glad smile on seeing the treasured and lost refreshment again . . . And then, by everything that was lucky, I actually came upon the sandwiches, lying on the top of a high bank above the river . . . I shouted, and even yelled in my anxiety, but could get no response.

After spending half an hour trying to find the man, he eats the sandwiches, and goes on up-stream, soon meeting another angler.

"Any sport?" I inquired heartily. "Sport be hanged," he said, "I've lost my lunch." "You amaze me," I said. "Ham sandwiches," he continued. "I put them down on the bank for half a second and they vanish." I said: "My dear sir, this is remarkable. You are the second man who has lost a packet of ham sandwiches on the desolate moor today. By the greatest good luck I have already found one lunch that belonged to a man down stream." . . . He said, "You may have found mine; let me see them." This was an awkward turn for affairs to take!

The whole story is too long to tell here, but it is very funny. It is a good introduction to Eden Phillpotts, though I have never encountered any other book of his in the least like it.

Ruth K. Roehrig, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, says:

We're all for a Phillpotts revival too! I was enthusiastic about him long before discovering Hardy. And I have always wished that someone would draw a map of the Dartmoor country and dot Phillpotts novels in it, as *William Lyon Phelps* did with *Hardy's* Wessex.

It was in 1928 that Macmillan brought out eight novels of Dartmoor to be known as the Widecombe edition of Phillpotts's works. The edition is to comprise twenty when finished. Two of the best of Phillpotts's later novels—both appearing around 1918, I believe—are "Storm in a Teacup" and "The Spinners." The latter, I am afraid, is out of print now. At any rate it is not listed in the 1928 U. S. Catalog. It is years since I have read it and unfortunately I can't recall whether it is a Dartmoor story. But I hope it is to be included in that twenty-volume set Macmillan is publishing.

Incidentally, Phillpotts has some excellent detective stories to his credit—"The Grey Room," "The Red Redmaynes," and "Voice from the Dark"—to mention three of the best. Like *A. E. W. Mason* he waits a long time before writing one, but when he does it's worth sitting up nights to finish. Here's hoping that Phillpotts is still a long way from his swan song. Yours enthusiastically for a Dartmoor revival!

Gamaliel Bradford, writing from Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, tells us, anent another comment of ours:

You missed the crowning touch in my absurd little autograph—begging letter, doubtless because it was omitted in the notes sent out by H. M. Co. The complete, astonishing epistle, which by the way came from Honolulu, read *verbatim et illitteratim* as follows: "Dear Mr. Gamaliel Bradford—I hear that you write awfully good books and that you *don't believe* in God, so I want your ortograph for my collection. I am almost eight years old. Please answer with retun envelope. P. S. *Calvin Coolidge* is in my collection." When I sent the *ortograph*, I thought it not inappropriate to add a line from Richard III: "So wise so young they say did ne'er live long."

Dolly W. Kirk sends us from Montgomery, Alabama, the following reaction to the hot weather down there, as she thinks we may be frying on our nest:

100 Degrees in the Shade.
Now wouldn't it be nice
To sit on the ice
And eat frozen blubber
With the Eskimos!
To slide down a glacier
With no friction to faze yer,
And chase polar bears
Across the snows!
Brrh! I can almost feel
Ice scrunch under heel;
I'm getting quite cool—
Imaginative fool!

Longmans, Green and Company have got out in pamphlet form, "*Ella Young:* An Appreciation," by *Padraic Colum*, which is a real Colum item, having never been printed before. It is being distributed at ten cents a copy and is an excellent view of the Irish writer who has now been permanently admitted to the United States to take out citizenship papers and of whom Mr. Colum speaks as a "Druidess." Miss Young's "The Unicorn with Silver Shoes" has just reached Longmans in manuscript and is tentatively intended for Spring publication. . . .

A. Hugh Fisher, the English etcher and poet has just had a novel accepted for publication by a new London publishing firm, Henry Hartley, Ltd., 78 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London W. C. 2. The title of the novel is "Quix," and since accepting it Hartleys have read and accepted a second novel from the same author. Mr. Fisher has already designed a jacket in red and green which has been approved for "Quix," and it will not be long before the book is on the market. . . .

Thames Williamson has left for an indefinite stay in Mexico accompanied by what he calls his two necessities,—first, his typewriter, and, second, his wife. Meanwhile Harcourt, Brace & Company are setting up his new novel, "In Krusach's House." . . .

The editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* appears on the Fall list of the same firm among a group of other critics, all with new books. *Mr. Canby's* is entitled "Classic Americans." Some of the other critics with new offerings are *Lewis Mumford*, *Matthew Josephson*, *Kenneth Burke*, *Joel Elias Spingarn*, and *Louis Untermeyer*. . . .

John Fox, Jr.'s "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," is one of America's favorite books, having sold more than a million copies since it was first published in 1903. But when a traveler for Scribners showed a New York bookseller an advance copy of the new gift edition with color illustrations by *N. C. Wyeth*, which is to appear on October first, the bookseller pushed it aside, saying, "We can't use any; we don't carry religious books!" . . .

Maurice Hindus, author of "Humanity Uprooted" and "Red Bread," is arriving in Moscow for his yearly trip to the Soviet Republic. He will visit the Caucasus and the fertile "Black Earth" region of Russia, and then will spend some time in the Soviet vacation resorts on the Black Sea, where the factory workers are sent for their holidays, and where there is an important colony of intellectual workers and writers. . . .

Evelyn Scott has recently returned to America after a year spent near Salisbury, England. She has brought back with her the manuscript of her novel of over 200,000 words, entitled "A Calendar of Sin." It should be published early this Fall. Cape-Smith published "The Wave," a Literary Guild selection and a best seller, in July, 1929. It was the first book to appear under their imprint. They will also publish the new one. . . .

They're even getting after *Julius Cæsar* now! "The Love Life of Julius Cæsar" has been released by E. P. Dutton & Company. It is written by *M. Renée Dunan*, who takes Cæsar through his long and complicated career involving countless love affairs. . . .

Salaam!

THE PHOENICIAN.

NEW BOOKS WE RECOMMEND

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W. E. Rudge, Master Printer

WITH the death of William Edwin Rudge on June 14th, America lost one of her few great printers—a man whose quality may be measured by the fact that since the first press was set up in this country at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638, only four or five printers may be appraised with him as peers of their craft.

Mr. Rudge came of English family, the son of a printer, whose name he carried. He was born in Brooklyn in 1876, and learned the fundamentals of his craft in his father's shop while still a young boy. Supplementing his days in the press with an engineering course in the evenings at Cooper Union, for three years, he succeeded in 1900 to his father's business.

Sensitive to art and to the design and quality of all fine printing, traditional and contemporary, with which he came in contact, Mr. Rudge gradually determined to produce books in the most beautiful form possible. This impulse was further stimulated during the World War, in the launching of excellent posters, and in 1918 Mr. Rudge purchased at Mt. Vernon, New York, a plant used for the manufacture of glass, adjacent to the tracks of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. This one-story building he developed architecturally into the wholly charming working place that it is now.

In this gray stone building he gathered together the best available equipment, a group of splendid craftsmen, several of whom have been associated with the elder and junior Rudge for over thirty years, and here he brought to the designing of books such men as Frederick Goudy, Bruce Rogers, W. A. Dwiggins, and Frederic Warde. Working beside the skilled craftsmen and with access to the typographers from time to time were many young students of printing to whom Mr. Rudge always gave generous and sympathetic cooperation. Among these Rudge trained men are John Fass of the Harbor Press, New York City, and Peter Beilenson and Edmund Thompson of the Walpole Printing Office at New Rochelle, who have distinguished their training by having joined the small company of printers whose work is found on the Fifty Books of the Year list chosen by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

And at the press in Mt. Vernon Mr. Rudge assembled a library on the graphic arts, where historical and source books like Claudin's "Histoire de L'Imprimerie en France" and the Enschede "Fonderies de Caractères et Leur Material" are found in association with choice and beautiful examples of fine printing from Aldus to Baskerville, Morris, the Doves Press, De Vinne, early Updike, Curwen, Nonesuch, St. Dominic's, Enschede, and numerous other presses. It is a collection of books which daily stimulates those workers who drop into the beamed and panelled room to look at the finest examples of the art which they love.

In the New York *Evening Post* of January 4th, 1923, there appeared some verse which gives something of the flavor of the Printing House of William Edwin Rudge:

The Plantin of Rochelle

Twixt Pelham Wood and New Rochelle
(Almost half-way, I judge)
A printer plies his trade right well,
Named William Edwin Rudge.
Commutress on the eight-nineteen,
Packed in too tight to budge,
I glimpse the snug and seemly mien
That marks the house of Rudge.
A little lake, a wooded hill,
A square-paned cot, flash by—
Behind those stone walls printer Will
His learned trade doth ply.

* * * * *

Ne'er have I seen you, printer blest,
Gray-beard or squire most gay,
Nor know, in that retired nest,
What you may print all day—
Grim Freudian philosophy
Or recipes for fudge,
Or volumes sweet—"Love's Mystery"—
O William Edwin Rudge?
A page of Dickens on your hill
Is writ for all to see—
Quaint cot and sign proclaim you still
True son of Barnaby!

—M. T.

There has been much joy in work in this "page of Dickens" on the hill. Before the writer stands a little volume entitled "The Burning Shame of America, An Outline against Nicotine." This innocuous book, according to the foreword a "labor of love of a devoted band of women and men," listing in its table of contents such chapters as "Effect of Tobacco on a Lily," "The Brutal Parent," "Facilis Descensus," is chuckling testimony to merriment about the press in 1924.

Another piece of sheer exuberance, "Kidd: A Moral Opuscule," was, in the words of the colophon, "hung up" in the summer of 1922 by Bruce Rogers, Edith Diehl, Richard Walsh, George Illian, and other merry craftsmen.

Carl Rollins, in his sketch of Bruce Rogers as America's Typographic Playboy, gives a picture of the "Stowaways" gathered at Mr. Rudge's invitation one May afternoon to examine and use a small Albion hand press which Bruce Rogers had brought from England. Each Stowaway printed his "piece" on the press to take home with him, and Mr. Rollins reproduces the effort of B. R. "at his playful best":

EFTSOONES I PRINTED THIS ME MYSELF, GADZOOKS! ON THE XXVIIITH DIES OF THE VTH MENSIS, MD4G'sXXI AT THE PRINTING HOUSE OF BILLO RUDGE.

But the reader must not get an impression of dilettantism. Work of the highest seriousness has been the constant product of the Printing House of William Edwin Rudge. Monumental volumes have come of the minds of its designers and the infinite care in detail of its craftsmen. "The Private Papers of James Boswell" (Malahide MSS)) and the "North American Wildflowers," with exquisite color work printed by a new process invented by the press, named in honor of the publishers of the book the Smithsonian process, will long be unmatched in the history of printing.

What has been the exact function of William Edwin Rudge? As uncompromising critic of the work of his press, as untiring experimenter in all the means of his art, he has held to one purpose, simple in the statement, colossally difficult in the achievement: to do everything in the best possible way; to do things as they should be done. Expense, profit, all the limits of the ordinary printer, have been brushed aside by the largeness of imagination which touched everything he did. Art and beauty were his standards and his counsel of perfection. To these ends he brought together under his roof the best designers, the best workmen, and his own restless, inquiring energy. Will Ransom in his "Private Presses and Their Books" has defined admirably the accomplishment of William Edwin Rudge: "Rudge is particularly significant as one of the intermediaries through which the tradition is being translated from the secluded ideals of private presses into terms of common use, whereby a personal exception becomes a public custom."

And so we take leave of "Printer Will," who served a gracious art most graciously; who humbly brought to the tradition of typography fruit of his imagination which will flower with the gentle books of the master printers.

M. B. E.

Announcements

THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB: Third Series. 1931-1932.

THE announcement of the issues of The Limited Editions Club for the third year is at hand. The steady appreciation of these publications, indicated by the continuance for a third year, is warranted by the general excellence of the books so far issued, and, taken as a group, their fair price.

The new series, mostly to be printed in this country, includes: "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," printed by Nash; "Alice in Wonderland," designed by Warde and printed by Rudge, with the original Tenniel illustrations; "South Wind," designed by Adler and printed by Pynson Printers; "Faust" (Alice Raphael's translation), printed by the Aldus Printers; "Droll Stories" (Le Clercq's translation), designed by Dwiggins and printed by Southworth; "Last of the Mohicans," designed by Will Ransom and printed by Hart; "Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities," printed by Updike; "Cloister and the Hearth," designed by Ballou and printed by Plimpton; "The Chimes," printed by George W. Jones; "Tom Jones," printed by Hildreth; "Kwaidan," printed in Japan; and "Analects of Confucius" (Lionel Giles's translation), printed in Shanghai.

The illustrators to be represented in the new series are: Carlotta Petrina, R[ockwell] Clark, Dwiggins, Edward A. Wilson, G[ordon] don Ross, Lynd Ward, Rackham, Alex[ander] der King, and Yoshimura Foujita.

The brochure bearing the announcmeent of the new series is in itself a very charming piece of printing. It is set in Caslon type, delicately printed on gray paper, and sewed into marbled paper covers, with paper label. For itself and for its contents, it is worth having.

R.

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A Venture in Poetry

By MILTON BYRON

WE recently made an interesting discovery about the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. We were chatting with Grace Hazard Conkling when she casually mentioned that she had been one of the speakers in a new series of poetry lectures for children sponsored by Bertha Mahony. Knowing from past experience that Miss Mahony frequently blossoms out with new ideas and that they are always extremely worthwhile, we hied ourselves to the shop to see what we could learn.

"What is all this we hear about poetry lectures for children?" we asked her. "We didn't know a thing about it until Mrs. Conkling happened to mention it the other day."

"Well," Miss Mahony answered mischievously, "they were just for children so I didn't suppose you'd be interested."

"But we are," we persisted, and she finally told us what she has been doing.

"Some months ago," she explained, "I thought it might be a good idea if we arranged an annual series of lectures by well-known poets as a tribute to the memory of Amy Lowell. I wrote to various friends to ask them what they thought of the idea and, as it seemed to impress them favorably, the idea just grew. I finally got Robert Hillyer, Joseph Auslander, Grace Hazard Conkling, Lenore Speyer, and Theodore Morrison to speak and that became the Amy Lowell Memorial poetry series.

"You see," she went on, "the whole idea was just to give a group of serious school children of high school age an opportunity to hear good poets and talk to them and draw from them whatever they could. Of course I had to be careful not to let it grow too large because I found that a great many more children were interested in it than you would suppose, so I finally narrowed it down to a group of a hundred selected students—both boys and girls—between the ages of sixteen and nineteen."

"How did it work out?" we asked. The question was decidedly unnecessary for an enthusiastic answer had been obvious in her eyes all the while she had been talking.

"It was marvelous," Miss Mahony beamed. "The speakers all professed to enjoy it very much and the children were immensely pleased. So much so, in fact, that they asked for one more meeting than I had originally planned at which they could read verse they had written themselves since the beginning of the series. I wish you could have been at that meeting," Miss Mahony continued, "it certainly would have done your heart good. I don't think I was ever so gratified about anything before in my life."

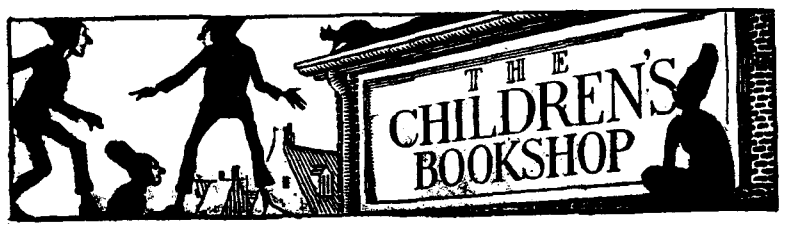
* *

We were greatly impressed by Miss Mahony's last remark. She already enjoys the reputation of doing more for children in the realm of books than almost any one else, and here, according to herself, was one of her greatest achievements. We thought back to the origin of the shop in 1916 and the various educational enterprises upon which Miss Mahony had embarked since that time. The first bookshop just for children . . . story telling hours . . . lending exhibits of books . . . the bookshop on wheels . . . Horn Spectacles . . . Realms of Gold . . . lectures and exhibitions . . . and now the Amy Lowell Memorial. It was a startling record of achievement, and we decided to see what was behind it.

Emboldened, we inquired "Frankly, Miss Mahony, is there any explanation for all the purely educational work you do in this shop aside from your love of children and your fertile imagination?"

"There is," she answered promptly, "the simplest answer in the world and it is no secret, but nobody ever happened to ask me before. The Bookshop For Boys and Girls," she continued, "is one of the departments of an organization in Boston called the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. It is engaged in all kinds of philanthropic and educational work and, in 1916, it was proposed that a bookshop be started. The officers of the Union saw a need for a bookshop just for children, so they told me to start one because it would afford an opportunity for all sorts of schemes to educate children and improve their tastes in a way that would amuse them. And, at the same time, the bookshop would make money which could be used for the other work of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. So you see," she concluded, with that sly little twinkle in her eyes that has endeared her to all who know her, "the credit is not due me at all."

That is typical of Miss Mahony, but we suspect that people who know her will stick to their original idea—The Bookshop for Boys and Girls is Bertha Mahony, and Bertha Mahony is the Bookshop for Boys and Girls.



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

MELISSA ANN. A Little Girl of the Eighteen Twenties. By ETHEL PARTON. Illustrated by MARIE LAWSON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

THE 1820's in New England's seafaring towns were years of possible vivid experience for small girls, and in Melissa Ann's adventures the author exhibits a talent for narration as well as the ability to describe in detail—almost too much detail—an old-fashioned background which sometimes tips the scales of the story a bit heavily. The book does not start off briskly; action drags and incidents seem invented to fit the background until the wheels of the stage-coach begin to roll toward Newburyport bearing off Melissa, Lucy, and Kish, a yellow kitten. After that all goes merrily as a marriage bell.

The book centres about this little Melissa who lives happily in an inconspicuous Boston home with her grandmother, grandfather, and three unmarried aunts until a turn of fate brings about tremendous reverses which result in her going to Newburyport with her cousin, Lucy Otway. The only bitter drop in her cup of joy is that Grandmother Otway, the stately little old lady who owns the house, does not like children to "rampage." But there is a boy in the picture—Dick Purvis—the mention of whom piques her curiosity so much that she calls him "Lorenzo." It is after Lucy, Melissa, and Dick become playmates that the climax of the story is reached, for their contacts are just such simple, natural ones as children of that age would have enjoyed.

Because of its extreme naturalness and authentic background this child's revival of a past age will probably prove a favorite with discriminating little girls. Melissa is real. Next to her, the old ship joiner, Amos Pidgen, and Grandmother Otway have the breath of life blown into them. But the narrative would gain by a trifle more of individual dash and spice: it is a very gentle story, soft as the wind rustling the hundred leaf rose bush in the Otway garden!

JUST HORSES. By K. O. S. (BARONESS DOMBROWSKI). New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE H. THOMAS
The New Haven Children's Bookshop

"JUST HORSES" is too modest a title for this collection of drawings designed for children, and lovers of horses as well, which the Baroness Katharina von Dombrowski has made of eighteen different breeds of horses from many parts of the world. With simple line and soft color she has depicted not only equine contours but beauty, intelligence, reliability, and adaptability to purpose and circumstance. The Arabian is, here, small, dainty, and docile of temper, the noblest of his breed not to be bought at any price. Quite different is the Belgian draught horse, who is by no means an aristocrat but a fine, vigorous peasant with his high-peaked work collar. The most celebrated of the Russian horses, the Orloff trotter, which dates from the time of Catherine the Great, is shown. Although he has a good pace he is bred more for his beauty, and on a race track hasn't a ghost of a chance against the American trotter, the fastest trotter in the world. One's eye lights on interesting tidbits of information throughout the book.

Baroness Dombrowski, who chooses to sign her drawings with a "K. O. S.," has been brought up with horses. She has ridden them since childhood, trained them, exhibited them, and drawn them, putting into her competent sketches her love and personal knowledge of them. A brief text is opposite each full-page drawing, which is a comfortable 8 x 10 inches in size. This gives plenty of room for the Andalusian patiently to take his artificial attitude in deference to the Spaniard's innate sense of stately decorum, and room for the bronco, the American descendant of the ancient Spanish breed, to buck his rider without throwing him off the page.

CRANES FLYING SOUTH. By N. KARAZIN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

A HAPPY BOY. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by G. G. TRENERY

THE Russian cranes apparently have much in common with the peasant of the old régime, taking misfortune, hardship, toil, and death as they meet them with neither surprise or bitterness, merely pausing to draw a lesson from the affair and to add another grain of wisdom to their garnered store.

Only the brief Summer months bring freedom and peace to this feathered world. At the first breath of autumn the cranes leave their marshes and face the long weeks of flight to the lakes and forests beyond the sources of the Nile. Flying in great triangles and led by trusted leaders, they must be constantly on guard by day and night. Hunters with guns and arrows strike them down in mid-air, stork armies draw up in battle array against them to drive them from their resting places, eagles and crocodiles pounce on the weak and unwary, tempests sweep them from their course and beat them down until they fall with fluttering, wide-spread wings to the dark valleys of the cruel sea.

This book covers every sort of incident and accident in the life of a crane, and is beautifully straightforward and easy in style. A young crane's first contacts with his world, the gradual enlargement of the latter, and the sum of his experiences are entirely absorbing: in addition, old Grandfather Longnose's advice to the new recruits contains wisdom that would benefit a child as surely as a bird.

Eyvind, "The Happy Boy," like the young crane, had to eat the dry bread of harsh experience, and the story of his fight with himself and his circumstances is delightfully told. The atmosphere is clear and bracing as a glacier-cooled river, and Björnson's poems have an elfin glamour and gaiety which chime like little bells in the keen, pine-scented air of the Norwegian mountains.

The peasants take life very seriously, yet know how to enjoy it to the full. Dancing, song, and laughter are not stinted, and even Eyvind's father—inarticulate and solemn to a degree—is once moved to overwhelming mirth, and at a most inconvenient moment! The darker side of the Norwegian temperament is illustrated by an episode in the schoolmaster's life, and is grimly characteristic of those taciturn peasants to whom speech is often a torture. They cannot ease their hearts by words, they cannot use them even in the direst necessity if their feelings are involved. Unuttered suspicions cloak a man from his neighbor—grow dark and impenetrable about them, as each sits silent and apart—until love is turned to hate, and friends become the bitterest of foes.

Fortunately Eyvind shakes off this burden of speechlessness by going out into the world, before his thoughts become walled up within him. He comes home with the fruits of knowledge and experience, eager to spend his strength of mind and body in the service of others. "His faith and his work"—by these twin stars the Happy Boy sets a course to guide him across the unchartered future.

TALES FROM THE CRESCENT MOON. By MAY MCNEER and CHARLOTTE LEDERER. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by LLOYD W. ESHLEMAN

THESE are tales which they tell in the lands of the Crescent Moon, where poppies spring among the grains, where women weave and embroider in bright color the reflections of plants that grow around their doorsteps—tales which they tell over all the country where the followers of Allah and of the Prophet Mahommed spread, where the Cross and the Crescent dwelt side by side, and the Crescent ruled the Cross.

To the people of Hungary, in the old days, came bands of marauding Germans, hordes of roving Tartars, and the hosts of the Sultans Magnificent. And the tales tell of the fine fairs of Kecskemét and of Szolnok, in the days when trembling citizens could not know when robbers would demand great spoils, in the bright days when all the world of East and West met under colored tents in the market places. They tell of the sea-broken coasts of Albania, where the winds howl through unknown caves, and the firs on the mountains murmur plaintively in the night, and of the jewel-robbers of the Golden Horn and of the Seven Towers of Istamboul—of slaves, and Kalifs, and Grand Viziers who were turned into storks by potent necromancies.

Many of these stories have not been told in English. They have been winnowed from the folk-lore of nations and from the archives in which are enshrouded all that is known of the words of Mikszáth, Jokai, Gárdonyi, Mora, and of yet other tellers of tales who knew not any Andersens, or Grimms, or Mother Gooses, or meteoric Milnes. They are, moreover, of much the same heredity, in tone and timbre; as are the melodies of Brahms. They are, in brief, material from which Maurice Hewlett might have embroidered some fresh adventurings to enliven the deeds of a Brazenhead the Great, or the feats of a Prosper le Gai, or have embellished yet some other Buondelmonte's Saga.

They are as splendidly wonderful as the startlingly brilliant illustrations by Charlotte Lederer calculated to dazzle both the mind and eyes of almost any child. These are tales, indeed, which will not fail to appeal to almost all children—but especially to those between thirty-five and seventy.

PADDLEWINGS: The Penguin of Galápagos. By WILFRID S. BRONSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by IDA MELLON

CHILDREN who enjoyed "Fingerfins" a year ago will be ready now for "Paddlewings." This story is more mature than the earlier one, the mind of the author having matured in the interval; but he displays in it the same lively interest in presenting an intimate biography of a wild creature whose ways he well knows as he did there. The similes are apt, the humor captivating, the illustrations ingenious.

The second chapter is a lucid explanation of "How Some Islands Came to Be and Who Came to Live on Them," and "How Paddlewings Grew inside the Egg" is a simple recapitulation of the development of life from single cell to complex organism. Excellent geology and biology!

Mr. Bronson's ability to tell how the world looks from another creature's viewpoint is given charming expression in this tale of the penguin hatched in a cave on Narborough Island, where he is tenderly nurtured by his parents, who teach him self-reliance when his babyhood is over, compel him to leave the cave in search of them one day when he is very hungry, and coax him into the water, where he learns to swim and to catch a fish and swallow it head foremost so that its scales and fins will not stick in his throat. He meets many fishes and learns that some are not good to eat. The puffer he cannot swallow because it blows itself up to three times its natural size, and the surgeon with its little lances opening like a jackknife would tear his throat. He meets the flightless cormorants, who do not love penguins, the spiny lobsters who "sit among the rocks waving their feelers and looking for trouble," the marine iguanas whose "crawling is neat, swimming fleet, and nature sweet," and the ponderous giant tortoises. He has the exciting experience of being caught up in a waterspout and deposited far from his parents, but finally returns to Narborough, where he is nearly captured by a wild dog. Whalers and others have preyed upon the Galápagos fauna and planted among them cats, dogs, rats, and pigs, now grown wild and making havoc among the tame indigenous species.

Paddlewings is captured at last by the Vincent Astor Expedition and conveyed to New York on a ship loaded with specimens for the Zoo, Aquarium, and Museum of Natural History.

This book will broaden a child's outlook, enlarge his sympathies, and provide an early introduction to the great truths of science.

The International Boy Scout Home at Kandersteg, in the Bernese Oberland, will see some lively days this summer. From July 29 to August 8 the first International Congress of Rovers will take place there, and Lord Baden-Powell will be present as honorary chairman. Hardly one European country will not be represented and there will also be delegations from other parts of the world. By far the largest contingent will come from England, whence about nineteen hundred are expected.

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The New Books

International

(*Continued from page* 11)

quite another. But it is possible to be "serious" and at the same time interesting, and to write a book as well as merely to compile it.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks of manner, Professor Jone's work contains much of factual information, is backed up by a scholarly bibliography, and for those with a certain amount of acquaintance with the Caribbean region, already, or looking for sober judgment free from the emotional bias which frequently detracts from the soundness both of native and foreign discussion of matters in the nearby tropics, it should be a useful handbook.

Juvenile

THE WIND FROM SPAIN. By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL. Century. 1931. $2.

"Why is it," asks a bright girl of fourteen, "that heroines of most girls' books are so silly?" It is a sensible question, for, with a few comforting exceptions, most books for girls of that age are silly. Perhaps it is because there is so little adventure that can seem credible in the lives of most modern school girls, and no writer has dared to probe deeply enough into adolescent psychology to create a convincing novel of character for girls of that age.

"The Wind from Spain," a girls' book with a Nantucket background, has a likable heroine in Nick Drayton and pleasant characters in the artist family with whom she spends the summer and who help her to find her means of self-expression in sculpture. The background of summer in Nantucket with its carefree life is well suggested, though as an entity Nantucket does not come alive as it did in Mrs. Snedeker's "Downright Dencey."

But the author has spoiled the integrity of her story by trying to combine a theme of developing character and talent with an impossible plot based on a case of aphasia. It is true that the great demand in girls' books is for a mystery story, but surely any intelligent girl would reject a plot so artificial as that which develops about this incident. "The Wind from Spain" would have been a much better story if the attempt to create suspense had been attained in some other way. As it stands, it is acceptable light reading for girls, with a heroine less silly than most.

Religion

A COUNTRY PARSON LOOKS AT RELIGION. By HAROLD ADYE PRICHARD. Harpers. 1931. $2.25.

The Country Parson of this book is Rector of St. Mark's Church in Mount Kisco, New York, and Honorary Canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. The religion he looks at is the Christian religion. Serving a small and wealthy parish where "shines the beauty of the countryside," Canon Prichard is aware that his surroundings "challenge pessimism." He tries, therefore, to avoid the temptation to indulge in "healthy-mindedness," proposes to face the problems of life and religion realistically. One reader, he says, found his book cynical. This reader found it, quite to the contrary, a supremely "healthy-minded" product and not at all cynical. It is an urbane, balanced account of how one churchman has resolved the conflicts that Christianity involves for a modern man. It is the work of a liberal and is consequently vulnerable as the liberal position in Christianity. One feels that here is indeed a comfortable and comforting faith, a faith that affords perhaps more than the traditional "consolations" of religion; but one asks, too, Is this a faith to lay down one's life for?

Canon Prichard is sure that "there is only one possible means of true and lasting amelioration (of the state of the modern world) and that is religion." People are staying away from the church, he thinks, not because the church has not taken a more vigorous part in solving the pressing problems of the day, but simply because the church has been reluctant to square its teachings with modern knowledge. So he makes a book to show how Christianity can be brought down to date.

He defines religion, or at least "the simplest kind of real religion," as "the spirit of Christ and his love in all our practical relationships," and at once distinguishes between religion as a way of life and religion as a set of beliefs. He devotes a chapter to each of the following: God, the Bible, the Church, the Sacraments, the Creeds, Prayer, Sin, Immortality, and Miracles. While his liberal temper shows in every chapter, it is particularly bright in his discussion of the church—a concept about which Anglicans usually entertain inflexible opinions. Here is an Anglican who envisions the eventual organization of the church as elastic enough to accommodate mystics who do not need the sacraments, sacramentalists who have no zeal for social service, social service workers who have no time either for mysticism or sacraments, educators, musicians, artists, healers—all manner of groups without requirement of conformity. Which is a prophetic exegesis, let us hope, of the saying, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

In his last chapter, Canon Prichard says the trouble with the churches is that they are not Christian. They are not humble, nor honest, nor unworldly, nor fair and tolerant. They do not take their stand on spiritual values. The[illegible] they do not practice what they preach, face the serious charge of hypocrisy. And even while crying "There must be a church!" he is forced to add, "Unless the leaders of Christendom do take the present situation seriously, religion will lose out in its race with the materialism of civilization, and Christianity . . . will become merely one more tradition."

H. L. *Mencken reviews*

MEN OF ART

by Thomas Craven

Photograph of H. L. MENCKEN © *by* ROBERT H. DAVIS

THE LIBRARY
By H. L. MENCKEN

MOST critics of painting, as everyone knows, write a great deal like Christian Scientists. That is to say, they not only use words in strange and unintelligible senses; they also employ a system of logic that is all their own and has no meaning to the normal mind. In consequence, there is, among folk of ordinary education, less knowledge of painting than of any other art, and in wide circles it is felt to be somehow occult and baffling. One often hears, at concerts of music, comment that is pungent and sensible, and at dinner-tables one hears very creditable gabble about poetry, the drama and the novel, and even about architecture, but at so-called art exhibitions little is heard save a vague and transcendental kind of rubbish, and nothing better is ever printed, save as a great rarity, in the newspapers and magazines, or in books. I have read in my time probably fifty separate explanations of the aims and achievements of the late Paul Cézanne, but I can recall none that got much beyond the indignant imbecility of a New Humanist. And when painters essay to expound their work they are even more obscure and forbidding than the art critics. We have many sound treatises on music by musicians, on poetry by poets, and on architecture by architects, but most of the treatises on painting by painters, at least in our own age, have no interest or value to anyone.

§

THIS lack Mr Craven sets out to remedy in the present book, and with striking and surprising success He not only writes far better than any other art critic now in practice among us; he also thinks more clearly. There is never the slightest sign that he has got out of his depth. He never resorts to a terminology that has no meaning to the plain man, nor to ideas that lie outside everyday experience. Painting, to be sure, can never be reduced to words of one syllable; if it is not as complicated as music, then it is at least quite as complicated as poetry. But Mr. Craven, unlike his fellows, never makes its complications more complex by discussing them in the manner of a Christian Scientist saying "But you don't *understand!*" Instead,he tries heroically to get at the basic facts, and to make them as simple as possible. I think that he succeeds admirably,and that his book,in consequence,is a very valuable work. It takes the place of whole libraries of esoteric rubbish. It not only makes painting seem sensible, it also makes it seem important.

§

ITS general plan is cunningly ordered. The concrete painter, a man like the rest of us, is always kept in the foreground. His work is described in terms of his life, and so its human qualities are emphasized. It never appears as something apart from ordinary experience; it is always related to its place and time. Mr. Craven does not fall, of course, into the folly of arguing that great painting is a mere product of social pressures; he knows very well that really great painters are singular and usually solitary men. But he shows that, though their environment cannot give them their genius, it can at least condition their opportunities, and in consequence he has a great deal to say about the state of civilization—and even the state of politics—in the great epochs His chapters on them, indeed, are among the best in his book. He lays in the backgrounds of Florence, Venice, Milan, Amsterdam, London, Madrid and Paris with bold and dexterous strokes, and against those florid scenes Giotto, Titian, Leonardo, Rubens, Turner, El Greco and Delacroix cease to be fugitives from life and become integral parts of its rich and lovely fabric

THERE will be objections, I suppose, to his choice of heroes. Many a tender soul will shrink from his cavalier disposal of Botticelli, and many another will probably hold that he gives too much space to Titian. He will be damned for crying down Velasquez and Van Dyck, [illegible] dragging the shy and startled Daum[illegible] into the first line, for giving a wh[illegible] chapter to Albert Pinkham Ryder, for sneering at the Impressionists, for dismissing the Modernists as mainly quacks, and for exposing the hollowness of all latter-day French painting. But if he is entitled to write a book at all he is surely entitled to his tastes. Whatever his actual verdicts, there is under all of them a healthy passion for competent painting and genuine artistic conscience. He is for those painters who have gone to life for their ideas, and against those who have gone to other painters. He is a foe to both the prettifiers and the pseudo-scientists. He bears in mind always that painting is an art or it is nothing, and that as such it must mirror both man's delight in the visible world, and the wild forays and surmises of his spirit. He cannot imagine a painting divorced altogether from subject. It must say something or be only a pretty toy. The great painters, like the great composers, were not only magnificent craftsmen; they were also, and in the best sense, prophets.

§

MR. CRAVEN has a style that meets his needs admirably. It is extraordinarily clear, but it is certainly not devoid of ornament; when the occasion arises it can be really eloquent. His discussions of the fundamental problems of the painting craft are adeptly inserted into his main exposition, and have the effect of pleasant asides. There is never any sign of the *furor pedagogicus*. His book is the best of its kind so far done in English.

MEN OF ART, by Thomas Craven. $3.75. 9¼ x 5⅞; 524 pp. New York: *Simon & Schuster.*

(REPRINTED FROM The American Mercury, July 1931)

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The Reader's Guide

M. A. P. S., South Harpwell, Maine, asks for a list of historical novels and a popularly written history of the part of Ohio around Columbus, with something about the mound builders.

THE librarian of the Columbus Public Library gave me a list of historical novels, but I cannot say that these will all be easy to get; indeed, I had some difficulty in finding who published some of them. Eleanor Atkinson's "Johnny Appleseed" (Harper), first of the books about this hero, was followed by "The Adventures of Johnny Appleseed," a book for young people by Henry Chapin (Coward-McCann), and lately by Henry A. Pershing's "Johnny Appleseed and His Time." Emerson Bennett's "Forest Rose" (U. P. James, Cincinnati, 1855); Thomas Boyd's "Samuel Drummond" (Scribner); Mary H. Catherwood's "Rocky Fork" (Lothrop); Zane Grey's "Betty Zane" (Harper); Alexander Clark's "Old Log School House" and "Starting Out," of which I know no more than the titles; Edward Everett Hale's "East and West" (Little, Brown); Robert Herrick's "Jack o' Dreams" (Macmillan); J. N. Naylor's "Tales of the Miami Country," published by the Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati, in pamphlet form, 1898; Naylor's "Kentuckians" I can't find, but his "Ralph Marlow," "Sign of the Prophet," and "In the Days of St. Clair" are published by Saalfield; his "Scalawags" was published by Dodge in 1907. C. H. Roberts's "Down the O-Hi-o" (McClurg, 1891); Nathaniel Stephenson's "They that Took the Sword"; Mary Watts's "Nathan Burke" (Macmillan; also in a school edition).

The standard "History of Ohio," by C. B. Galbreath, is published by the American Historical Society in six volumes, and the "History of Ohio," by Randall and Ryan, in six volumes; for a brief survey there is the "History and Geography of Ohio," by Gregory and Guitteau (Ginn), and I must not omit "Ohio: First Fruits of the Ordinance of 1787," by Rufus King (Houghton Mifflin). Until quite recently E. O. Randall's "Masterpieces of the Ohio Mound Builders" and "The Serpent Mound," published by the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society, were about all we had, but there has appeared during the year a comprehensive and immensely interesting work, "The Moundbuilders," by H. C. Shetrone (Appleton), which considers this important subject in all its aspects.

Going so far we may as well go further and add a few historical works such as "Ohio in the Time of the Confederation," three volumes, edited by A. B. Hulbert (Clark); "Ohio before 1850," by R. E. Chaddock (Columbia University Press); "Ohio Lands and Their History," by W. E. Peters (author, Athens, O.), and F. P. Goodwin's "Growth of Ohio" (University of Cincinnati), and two little books of historical sketches, "Stories of Ohio," arranged by W. D. Howells, and having, among other features, Logan's famous speech (American Book Co.), and "Fifty Stories from Ohio History," published by the Ohio Teachers' Bureau.

A. O. T., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for the names of the various omnibuses that have been published within the past few years, saying that no other books are quite so popular with guests at their summer cottage as the Sherlock Holmes, Mr. Tutt, and Warwick Deeping omnibuses.

"I SUPPOSE," she goes on, "it's the continuance of the same characters in different action that appeals and makes these books easy to pick up after interruption. Anyhow folks seem to like them for lazy, interrupted vacation reading. For me, I'd like books such as 'William de Morgan and his Wife,' 'Quiet Street,' 'The Good Earth,' 'The Grass Roof,' 'Rome Haul,' 'Angel Pavement,' 'Catherine-Paris,' and 'John Mistletoe.' I can't tell just what makes these all kinsprits in my mind, but something, some special feeling; perhaps the humanness of the characters, the reality of the life they live, or the sincere feeling for the surroundings in which they move; I only know I'll always gladly find time to read any book I like as much as I do these."

So far as I know, the omnibus procession started in London when Gollancz brought out all the shorter works of R. L. Stevenson between two covers. Not so very long after that Dorothy Sayers edited a thumping great volume that charmed England and soon had the same effect on us under its American title "The Omnibus of Crime" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam). All in all I'd call this as practical a choice for a permanent summer cottage collection as one could make, for a blessed quality about a good detective story makes you forget it rapidly, so that by the time you come back next summer most of these many tales of terror are good as new. So with the incomparable Sherlock Holmes, as this reader has found; so with the fat book containing several of the earlier (and excellent) Dr. Thorndyke detective novels by Austin Freeman, published this year by Dodd, Mead, with another to come sometime with his short stories all in one. There is "The Omnibus Connington" with four favorite novels of this favorite sleuth, but it was published in England and I have not seen it here; a Susan Ertz omnibus also appeared in England last summer, not here, and it was there that the one-volume edition of all the plays of Bernard Shaw (without prefaces) burst from the blue to become a best-seller directly. Warwick Deeping's collection, to which this reader refers, is called "Stories of Love, Courage and Compassion" (Knopf). John Grove has edited two immense collections suitable for younger readers as well as older ones: "The Omnibus of Adventure" and "The Omnibus of Romance," both published by Dodd, Mead, and containing an unusually large proportion of quite unhackneyed short stories by well-known authors. The "Omnibus Jules Verne" (Lippincott) has four fine romances, and as anyone once caught in this current makes no struggle to get out, four is none too many for him. Doubleday, Doran publishes "Shorter Tales of Conrad" and "Short Stories of H. G. Wells," and the peerless stories of "Saki" are packed into one conveniently shaped book for the delight of the initiate (Viking). Mrs. Rinehart has no less than three omnibuses: "Tish," with all the doings of this active lady; "The Mary Roberts Rinehart Romance Book," and the "Mary Roberts Rinehart Mystery Book" (Farrar & Rinehart), and for another sort of thrill there is the newly collected "Ghost Stories" (Longmans, Rinehart, Green), by the demure antiquarian M. R. James, who can summon the most peculiar spirits from whatever vasty deep shelters them. Eighteen short stories not published before in book form make up the new Joseph Lincoln omnibus, "All Alongshore" (Coward-McCann). There is even an omnibus for children, the incomparable adventures of "The Five Children," by E. Nesbit (Coward-McCann); fortunately the supply of the Bastable books holds out for more than one big book of them to follow. I wish someone would give us a Belloc-Lowndes omnibus of crime; she wrote a whole series of early shockers such as "The Chink in the Armour," though I notice "The Lodger," the most petrifying thriller I ever read, has just been brought out anew in a volume all to itself (Cape-Smith). "The Lodger" has had a fantastic sale abroad; I don't believe anyone knows the exact figures, they are so huge.

Of triple-decker novels bound in one we have Undset's "Kristin Lavransdatter" (Knopf), Selma Lagerlöf's "Ring of the Lowensjölds" (Doubleday, Doran), the "Forsyte Saga" group (Scribner), and a shelfful of chronicle novels like "The Matriarch," "Small Souls," "Pelle the Conqueror," and the Dutch novels of Jo Ammers-Kullen of which the latest is "No Surrender" (Dutton), which are not yet bound up in one book.

The second list of this reader has a special appeal, it has so many of my own prize pets. "John Mistletoe," for instance; now there's a book you can come back to every year when you open the summer house—keeping, of course, a winter copy in the city. This book has given me the boon of anonymous fame, which has all the fun and none of the responsibilities of personal glory, by telling that tale of the Discreet and Distinguished Lady Author which the Abbé Dimnet chose for specially admiring comment in his review of "John Mistletoe," and Now It Can Be Told, the publisher was Dodd, Mead.

Before we pass from summer cottages, let it go on the record that this department believes none complete without the "Weekend Book" of the Nonesuch Press.

M. E. M., Richmond Hill, N. Y., asks for books about the Gospel according to St. Mark. "The Four Gospels," by Canon Streeter, author of "Reality" (Macmillan), is a study of origins, treating of manuscript tradition, sources, authorship, and dates; the chapters on Mark are of special interest to the serious student, though by no means such easy reading as "Reality." If but one book, and that all about St. Mark, is to be used, let it be Benjamin Wisner Bacon's "The Gospel of Mark" (Yale University Press); his "Is Mark a Roman Gospel?" is one of the Harvard Theological studies. See also E. D. Burton's "Studies in the Gospel according to Mark" (University of Chicago), the critical and exegetical commentary of E. P. Gould, "St. Mark" (Scribner), and for a Bible class text with notes, "St. Mark," edited by A. Plummer, in the "Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges" (Macmillan), one volume to a book.

M. B. D., Columbus, Ohio, asks for biographical and critical material on Lafcadio Hearn. The latest brief biography of Hearn to appear is Jean Temple's "Blue Ghost," recently published by Cape-Smith, a sympathetic and reasonable work not taking sides to the disadvantage of the student; one learns from it the conditions under which he wrote. The standard biography is the "Life and Letters" in two volumes, edited by Elizabeth Bisland (Houghton, Mifflin), with which should be read the "Reminiscences of Lafcadio Hearn," by Setsu Koizumi Hearn (Houghton, Mifflin), and the "Japanese Letters," into which Hearn put so much material for biographers. "Hearn and His Biographers," by Oscar Lewis (Westgate Press), an expensive limited edition little book, includes five hitherto unpublished letters but depends for its importance mainly upon the essay that gives the book its title. Hearn is one of the authors considered in Matthew Josephson's searching study, "Portrait of the Artist as American," which made a pronounced impression when Harcourt, Brace published it last year. The New York Public Library publishes for twenty cents "Lafcadio Hearn," by E. Hendrick. By the way, I have just been asked if the various libraries whose publications I often mention sell these to the general public. Most of the large libraries publish material so interesting to the bibliographer, the collector, or just the general reader, that it is worth while sending to almost any of them for a list of publications.

THE Si Klegg stories have been identified for the inquirer in Milton, Wis., by *L. N. F., Brooklyn,* and *E. W. M., Alton, Ill.* In the second (revised) edition they were four: "Si Klegg: His Transformation from a Raw Recruit to a Veteran"; "Si Klegg: Through the Stone River Campaign and in Winter Quarters at Murfreesboro"; "Si Klegg: Si and Shorty Meet Mr. Rosenbaum the Spy"; "Si Klegg: Experiences of Si and Shorty on the Great Tullahoma Campaign." The author was Wilbur F. Hinman, Lieutenant-Colonel 65th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. "My copy," says E. W. G., "was published by M. G. Hamilton and A. Cleveland in 1892; the original copyright is marked 1877; the book is dedicated to 'My Pard, who fell at Chickamauga.'" L. N. F. says that John McElroy published a revised edition in 1910. *This correspondent adds to the Italian fiction list* "The Farm on the River Po," by Mario Borsa, published in English translation by Benn, London, and refers to an article in the *Library Journal* on this subject, March 15, 1930, pp. 247-250. *E. R. N., Stamford, Conn.,* tells *M. A. W. Fort Wayne,* to get Annie Russell Marbles' "Story of Leatherstocking" (Appleton); it is five Cooper novels boiled down into one, and very popular. She suggests for the list of novels on the weaving trade—"And Co.," by Bloch (Simon & Schuster), which she found absorbing. Readers continue to send me the news (to me) that the man who dropped off a road into the fourth dimension was in Wells's "Men Like Gods," but as they diversify their letters by adding other bits of news or some cheering message I am glad enough I asked a question whose answer everyone knew but me. For instance, *H. P. C., Mississippi Agricultural College,* says it appeared in the last published issues of *Hearst's Magazine,* "and here is the really interesting part—it was illustrated in the magazine by George Bellows. It is to me the only instance of his illustrating a novel that I can recall, and I have regretted ever since not having torn the magazine apart and preserved the pictures. But it never occurred to me that the story could appear in book form *sans* these pictures; they were so vastly preferable to the letter-press which was Wells at his most turgidly prophetic worst. By the way, now that Laura E. Richards has been inspired anew, isn't it about time to lay a few sign-posts that may guide the youth of today to 'The Admiral's Caravan' and 'Davy and the Goblin'? Incidentally, later events in Rome have caused me to reread Richard Bagot's novels of Italian life, and I feel that those who follow the Guide and may be interested in things Italian, as well as in good-mannered, leisurely stories, would surely enjoy them mightily. I know few writers his equal in smooth, pleasant narrative style. And for a third postscript, did anyone suggest Mitchell's 'Amos Judd' or Garnett's 'Lady into Fox' or even 'Vathek' for the late list of short novels?"

Now that we seem committed to a Lost and Found Section of this department, can anyone find for Eric P. Kelly of Dartmouth, Krakow, and the Newbery Prize, a novel published about 1913 by an English house in which an Anglican priest suffering from overwork and threatened by a breakdown goes into the Dartmoor country, wanders on the moor, is lost, found in a sort of coma, and taken to his room; from then on his mind is in a sort of fog though he goes about among the people of the neighborhood, imagining one character as a man who lived there many years before, a girl with whom he falls in love as quite different from what she is, and so on. The book is made of his wanderings in this curious world, close to normal yet far enough away to be fantastic, where he sees curious truths about people that are not evident to the merely normal. "I have wished many times," he says, "that I knew the actual title of what was an entrancing story."

W. H., Anacapri, Italy, asks for a recent book dealing in explicit manner with the technique of book-reviewing and dealing with principles. "The Craft of the Critic," by S. Stephenson Smith of the University of Oregon (Crowell) is meant for practising reviewers but is rather for individual study and home reading than for use as a text-book; it considers book-reviews, literary gossip, novel reviewing in detail, poetry, and plays at some length. It is fairly elementary but not cut-and-dried, and seems just about what many beginners want.

. . . a doctor's guilt

"Too daring for Anglo-Saxon taste"—so they labelled it a few years ago when Zweig's fiction masterpiece was first published abroad. Now, with the broadening of *mores*, this story of a doctor who ran amuck in the East Indies bringing disaster to the woman he desired is published for the first time in a fine translation by Eden and Cedar Paul. "Awakens all our sense of wonder and fear . . . a gripping story."
—*N. Y. Times.*

AMOK
By STEFAN ZWEIG
Pocket format. $1.50
THE VIKING PRESS · N · Y ·

"Scratch a king and find a fool"

See page 21 . . . . .
DOROTHY PARKER'S
new book of poems
DEATH AND TAXES
The Viking Press. $1.75

The book of the year
Read it now!
Education of a Princess
by the Grand Duchess
MARIE *of* RUSSIA
$3.50 VIKING

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

BACK TO MONTPARNASSE. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. Lippincott. 1931. $3.50.

It is perhaps time that someone should give us a definitive history of Montparnasse since there are many signs of late that its day of glory is passing just as that of Montmartre and the Quartier Latin passed years ago. There are few people better qualified to write this chronicle for Anglo-Saxon readers than Mr. Sisley Huddleston, who has lived in Paris since Montparnasse began, who has met everybody and been everywhere, and who has already tried his hand at a very similar task in his "Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios." Mr. Huddleston is, in fact, a professional Parisian and like most professionals he is a little apt to forget that mere amateurs require a slow and systematic introduction to any subject before they can master its minor intricacies. In other words his new book is almost too full of detailed information about Montparnasse, while lacking in any general view of the place. Stories, personalities, familiar allusions are only too many and are too confusingly poured out, without explanatory footnotes for those unfortunates who do not know Montparnasse as the author does. It may be hoped that some day Mr. Huddleston will find time to asemble his material more logically and will give us a fitting record of the amazing transformation which has taken place during the past two decades in the neighborhood of the Carrefour Vavin.

Today, in fact, a firmly established horde of cosmopolitan cafés and *boîtes de nuit* far overshadows the more modest haunts of contemporary art, though the galleries and bookshops still cling to Montparnasse. The scene of action,—the studios and lodgings where the younger creative artists are working,—has shifted long since to the outskirts of Paris in the direction of the Lion de Belfort and the Place du Kremlin-Bicêtre.

Under the circumstances Mr. Huddleston's often pleasant compilation of Montparnasse odds and ends has little relation either to the history of the quarter or the real state of affairs in artistic Paris, but it will serve admirably to amuse and instruct the tourist who idles for a few hours on the terrace of the Dôme or Coupole, while observing the always varied and picturesque life about him. The sole fault of the author's prose is its tendency to go on for ever, like the proverbial brook, for Mr. Huddleston can discourse on any subject under the sun with competence if not with deep knowledge. In this case, he is at his best in the gently persuasive introductory chapters, and in the later account of James Joyce in his present incarnation. Finally, every really serious student of Montparnasse should read with care what the author has to say about the lady who is called Kiki, since she represents more than any other one figure the thoroughly commercial but not unattractive spirit of Montparnasse, 1931.

Biography

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By *William Roscoe Thayer*. Houghton Mifflin. $.

GREAT WOMEN-SINGERS OF MY TIME. By *Herman Klein*. Dutton. $3.50

KINGS IN THE MAKING: THE PRINCE OF WALES. By *E. Thornton Cook*. Dutton. $5.

LIVES OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY. Edited by *Rowena Keith Keyes*. Appleton. $2.

RIATA AND SPURS. By *Charles A. Siringo*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.

Fiction

FIDDLER'S GREEN, or The Strange Adventures of Tommy Lawn. By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN. With Illustrations by FERDINAND HUSZTI HORVATH. Little, Brown. 1931. $2.

Devotees of sea literature should find a solid and refreshing novelty in this fantasy of the deep, but it must be owned that to other classes of readers the book is likely to be tiresome and the impression it leaves that of a volume more nearly suitable to the juvenile mind than to the mature. The author has delved widely and profoundly into the treasure trove of marine legendry, resurrecting the figures of history, myth, and fable as they are conceived to live on eternally in that Valhalla of deserving sailormen, Fiddler's Green. To that briny paradise, when his ship founders in collision with an iceberg, is transported Tommy, the young second mate, and there, guided through the uncanny domain by Ben the Bosun, and other spectral graybeards, he meets the ancient bogeys, the Old Man of the Sea, Davy and Casey Jones, Mother Carey, then the shades of the immortal navigators, Ulysses, Lief the Lucky, Columbus, Drake, Hudson, etc. Mr. Wetjen has done a creditable job in the lively, selective use he has made of his comprehensive knowledge of sea lore.

GITANA. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Appleton. 1931. $2.50.

This is the newest addition to that long list of Chambers's historical novels which have graphically and authentically depicted various outstanding epochs in American history from pre-Revolutionary times onward. The method here, as in the preceding books, projects fictitious principals among the stirring scenes, the great national figures and crucial events of the given period, stressing these factors of actuality rather to the exclusion of the purely imaginary characters and plot. The era dealt with is that of the Mexican War; the hero, Captain Maddox of the army intelligence service, on duty at the front and a participant in major engagements of the conflict which decided the issue. He falls in love with the wild gypsy dancer, Gitana, and she accompanies him through the hazards of campaigns and battles, but in the end is separated from him by death. Mr. Chambers is infinitely more readable and impressive, as he has frequently proven before this, in the role of historian than he is as a romantic novelist.

RONDO. By BASIL MAINE. Longmans, Green. 1931. $2.

Basil Maine is interested in the subtleties and overtones of human relationships. It is the why before acts and the what after acts rather than action itself that furnish the material for his investigating and elaborating method. To a reader out of sympathy with his circumscribed preoccupation Mr. Maine may seem concerned with the superficialities of rather overly conscious characters and to have wasted some very good writing in going all around and all about a theme too little new and of too slight a depth.

"Rondo" is a subjective novel written in the first person, singular number, masculine gender. The form suggested by the title is carried out by the thematic coming and going of four women in the emotional life of the hero. The woman of major importance never actually appears but her influence runs continuously through the book. The man's every experience is modified, consciously or unconsciously, by his romantic bondage to this unseen woman. Aside from this underlying and dominating complication, the book breaks up naturally into three parts, interludes with women of highly differentiated types.

A slight novel, tenuous and brittle in its selective rejection of life, "Rondo" lacks all synchronization. Not only do the themes come and go, separately melodic, but the virtues and defects keep clear edges so that they never blur each other. Thus the book stands to be taken, literally, for better or for worse, by the reader.

International

CARIBBEAN BACKGROUNDS AND PROSPECTS. By CHESTER LLOYD JONES. Appleton. 1931. $4.

Professor Jones is no novice in the Caribbean and those who follow things in that part of the world will recall his "Caribbean Interests of the United States" published some ten years ago.

His new book avoids politics, and still more rigorously everything which falls under what newspaper men call "human interest," and confines itself almost wholly to economics, to trade, finance, and the ups and downs of the typical industries of its neighborhood. Thus there are chapters on sugar, coffee, the fruit trade, oil, and on public loans, foreign investments, and commerce with supporting references to racial problems and the questions of independence, theoretical and real.

Professor Jones's ability for eluding the visual and concrete amounts almost to a gift. His book is packed with such sentences as "Crops for local consumption are widely cultivated but in many cases recent developments have accentuated dependence on imports of foodstuffs"—sentences, that is to say, perfectly sound and true, but that create no picture, recall no locality, and unless read with the closest attention and with a certain amount of background, simply pass into one eye and out the other.

This is not to say that the calm and objective study of the economics of such a region as the Caribbean calls for obvious "picturesqueness," nor that the economic essay isn't one thing and travel impressions

(*Continued on page 13*)

Good for Summer—and all the year

FESTIVAL
by Struthers Burt

"This is the new age speaking," said the *New York Times* of this striking story of a father and his married daughter whose lives are disturbed by similar emotional problems. Strongly drawn characters, brilliant dialogue, and an absorbing story have made it the author's most popular book.
Fourth large printing. $2.50

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS
by Katharine Fullerton Gerould

An enjoyably sophisticated tale of a girl who wanted just one gleam of the "light that never was" before settling down, and of the man who responded to her mood. Grand entertainment—done with an infectious sparkle and consummate skill. *Second printing.* $2.00

THIS OUR EXILE
by David Burnham

Acclaimed by critics everywhere as an important literary debut of the year. It is the story of a sensitive, highly-bred family's reactions to a death in its midst, and as a whole is a realistic cross-section of a certain phase of American life to-day.
Second printing. $2.50

AMERICAN EARTH
by Erskine Caldwell

The New Republic says: "Erskine Caldwell brings a new quality into American fiction." "He might," says the *New York Sun*, "grow up to be America's Fielding," and the *New York Herald Tribune* calls the people of his stories "the legitimate grandchildren of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn . . . American primitives." $2.50

MANY THOUSANDS GONE by John Peale Bishop

The story from which this volume of long related stories takes its name won the *Scribner's Magazine* $5,000 Prize Contest. With its four companion episodes it forms, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, a book of "brilliant stories, instinct with truth, alive with imagination." $2.50

SCENES AND PORTRAITS
by Frederic Manning

"These stories and imaginary conversations of famous historical and traditional figures are for those who have a fancy for the delicate wines of literature," says the *New York Sun*. "They are . . . a delightful experience," declares *The Saturday Review of Literature*. $2.50

AXEL'S CASTLE
by Edmund Wilson

"Every one who is interested in the advance guard of modern literature, who would like to understand it and who feels that some valuable aspects of it are eluding him, should be grateful to Mr. Wilson for 'Axel's Castle.'"
—*Boston Transcript.*
Second printing. $2.50

THREE PAIRS OF SILK STOCKINGS
by Panteleimon Romanof

This novel of the life of the educated class under the Soviet is "perfect as a social document or as a novel to beguile an evening. . . . It probes the soul of beaten people."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*
Second printing. $2.50

FOR YOUNGER READERS

SUN UP
by Will James

A collection of stories of the cow camps, including many new stories and illustrations, along with some of the best of Will James's "cowboy" stories. An authentic, interesting book. $2.50

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS — NEW YORK

THE VOLGA FALLS TO THE CASPIAN SEA

Photo U. S. S. R. In Construction

BORIS PILNYAK

IN EUROPE they consider Boris Pilnyak the foremost novelist of New Russia, with this as his major work. ● *The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea* is a novel of the human problem in Russia: it pictures what happens when the human soul is torn loose from the forces which made it. Here are people—peasants, laborers, aristocrats, intellectuals—compounded as we all are out of the past, living by a whole train of inherited needs, desires, emotions, responses. The Soviet has told them this Past was untrustworthy . . . they must cast it off and make new tomorrows. Is that in human nature? Can there be morality without the rewards? Can love be made into rationalized desire? ● It is a probing of human experience as ruthless for truth as a scientist, and in its unsparing examination of human motives it may well be the great novel of this unsettled, bewildered era. *At all shops* $2.50

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Points of View

The Gage Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of the Saturday Review of Literature for July 4, you published a note on Dr. C. E. Carter's "The Correspondence of General Thomas Gage with the Secretaries of State, 1763-1775." Your reviewer closes with the remark, "When Dr. Carter's well edited collection is all put in print, there will be no need for ordinary students to visit the monumental collection of Gage manuscripts recently placed by William L. Clements in his library at the University of Michigan."

This is very misleading. If Dr. Carter lives twice the ordinary three score years and ten, he will make but a small dent in the Gage collection. Roughly, I should say that his first volume comprises less than one percent of the Gage Papers. His second volume, now assured, will be the reverse of his first, i.e., the letters of the Secretaries to Gage. But does your reviewer presume that Gage wrote to no one but the Secretaries of State? Moreover, is it supposed that Gage's most important letters are those written to the Secretaries?

Dr. Carter's work on the administrative aspects of General Gage's work is of very great historical significance. But there are equally important and, from certain points of view, more important aspects of the Gage collection. Here is an example. In 1851 Francis Parkman wrote a classic entitled "The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac." In that book, it is interesting to know not only of the defeated Pontiac, but of the visitor, whose almost forgotten name is Major Henry Gladwin. Gladwin was the commandant at Detroit who successfully defended the post against Pontiac. Major Gladwin has been little known for an excellent reason. Parkman could not find his papers. Dr. Charles Moore picked up the trail where Parkman left it, found much more on Gladwin, but could not find the files of his letters on Pontiac's siege of Detroit. Those long lost Gladwin letters came to light in the Gage Papers. Similar documents are to be found covering America from Newfoundland to Pensacola, and from Bermuda to the Mississippi River. Your reviewer is much more optimistic than we are about the possibility of getting these stories before his "ordinary student."

Moreover, how can even the hypothetical "ordinary student" ignore the fact that Gage was not the only commander in chief His Britannic Majesty had placed in America? Gage was shortly followed by Sir Henry Clinton. His Papers contain the end of stories begun in the Gage Papers, and Clinton's Papers are also in the possession of Mr. Clements.

Mr. Clements has had the Clinton Papers for five years. With a staff of experts at work classifying, sorting, restoring, cataloguing, etc., it will be a long time before they are available for students. Before anything like a complete analysis of the Gage Papers can be made, Mr. Clements has the Lord George Germain Papers, and other collections on his schedule ahead of General Gage.

This Library is offering Dr. Carter every facility in his investigation, but he would be the first to tell you that it will take generations of scholars to ascertain what the Gage collections contain. I am sure that if the matter of the Gage Papers is sufficiently interesting to your readers to warrant your noticing Dr. Carter's excellent volume, the above facts are equally important.

Your reviewer, I fear, is like numerous other writers who gaily proceed to write up the American Revolution and scenes connected therewith in blissful ignorance of the fact that two of the commanders in chief, General Gage and General Clinton, were genuine collectors and that when their papers returned to America, those collections did not stop in New York or points east. What the reviewer should have said is this: "Buy Dr. Carter's scholarly work, because for a long time to come, it is all you will be able to get."

RANDOLPH G. ADAMS
Director

Ann Arbor, Mich.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

May we add a note to your reviewer's sympathetic account of one of our anonymous books, "U. S. A. With Music?"

Certain European critics have seen this play as an advance over the old expressionism as employed by the Germans, and Americans like Lawson, and a better example of the new *Sachlichkeit* than anything the Germans have done so far in the current trend toward "objectivism."

For example, the Cambridge, (England) Granta critic wrote: "I do not know if my readers share my own horror of the "Expressionist" drama; in 'U. S. A. with Music' I find for the first time a use of the technical devices of Expressionism in their proper function *as* technique: a subtilization of this technique by the transformation of characters which is a definite contribution to the content also; and which achieves at the same time an economy directly in opposition to the flamboyancies of Kasier, and the unimaginative spectacular of Toller. I imagine that these qualities arise directly out of the tremendous readableness of the book: they seem to me, as I say, to have a further importance, which I recommend to the reader in its proper place —as an enrichment of a book already excellent."

CARREFOUR EDITIONS.

Paris, France.

An Explanation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Many readers of my book, "Biblio-Typographica," seem to have misunderstood the footnote to its Preface, and I would appreciate it very much if you would be good enough to publish this statement from me which may make the matter clear.

Unfortunately the portion referred to is, unintentionally, rather ambiguous. It would seem to indicate that advance proofs of the book had been submitted to Mr. Bruce Rogers and that he had gone over them and given suggestions and criticisms. The truth is that Mr. Rogers had seen only two chapters of the book before publication—those printed in the *American Printer* in March and April, 1930. He wrote a letter then to the Editor of the *American Printer* which, with his permission, was forwarded to me and rather than use the information that it contained as if it were the result of my own research I reprinted portions of it, giving him the credit. Mr. Rogers also wrote a letter to me, concerning those two chapters, and by taking this trouble and interest he did more to help me in the preparation of the book than did anyone else. So I thought that the special acknowledgement was, at least, his due. Since this help came just before the book was finally revised, and when the Preface was already entirely in type I added the footnote, or postscript, giving it a later date. I am happy to take this opportunity of correcting the misunderstanding because I would not want people to believe that Mr. Rogers had collaborated with me in preparing the book when he had not done so—though I would have been proud to have him do so, and have no doubt but that the book would have been better if he had.

PAUL JOHNSTON.

Miami, Fla.

"Opening Davy Jones' Locker"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

My juvenile book, "Opening Davy Jones's Locker," was reviewed in your issue of April 4th, by Robert Cushman Murphy, American Museum of Natural History. I am just back from Europe, and beg the privilege of defending myself against this review.

Mr. Murphy attacks me on numerous and diverse points, concluding that I show a "woeful lack of familiarity" with (1) scientists, (2) the objects of contemporary marine research, (3) ships, and (4) most of the creatures I write about.

This review is too sweeping to be fair. I am acquainted with a wide range of scientists, even to the type which Mr. Murphy unfortunately represents. I am familiar with the objects of marine research, and the variety in these certainly allows me the choice and emphasis which Mr. Murphy seems to resent.

As for ships, those who are informed as to my wanderings upon the sea will probably opine that I know more about ships than he does. Mr. Murphy scoffs at the smallness of the crew of my imaginary schooner, and is thereby exposing his ignorance, for the vessel upon which my *Anemone* was modelled is at this moment running about the world as a tramp with exactly the same number of people for crew. Mr. Murphy protests that an anchor cannot be let down by one man, but since I myself (no great husky, I) have repeatedly done this very thing, I cannot accept his criticism. Neither can I bow under his objection to my statement that a donkey engine is hauled about deck, because I have seen it done. Mr. Murphy speaks of my description of an imaginary underseas chamber as referring to the Williamson chamber, "quite incorrectly described." whereas it is specifically stated (page 75) that the chamber referred to was made in general imitation of the Williamson device but changed to "fit our particular requirements."

With regard to my descriptions of marine life, every item in the book was either observed by myself, or was taken from accredited authorities in this field. It may be that more than one isolated fact in the book has recently been disproved by technical investigation, but certainly the manner in which Mr. Murphy has reviewed my book does not encourage us to believe that he is the one to be believed on these moot points. I cannot quite believe that Mr. Murphy knows as much as he hints: he has shown himself positively in error on some points, he quibbles over phraseology and reads hostile meanings into words of obviously general significance, he is cocksure on points that I have seen older and better-known scientists hesitate over. It is fortunate that the reviewer places under his name the formidable phrase "American Museum of Natural History," since the temper of his review shows neither the carefulness nor the mature judgment which we laymen ordinarily associate with scientists.

"Opening Davy Jones's Locker" contains information of such tremendous mass that beside it the criticisms (justified along with the unjustified) of Mr. Murphy bulk very small indeed. The reviewer insinuates that only a few boys and girls will read the book, but since the book is already widely and favorably known here in America, and is about to begin its career in Europe, it is likely that Mr. Murphy's strictures amount to the carping objection that a certain powerful athlete is afflicted with two warts and a cauliflower ear.

THAMES WILLIAMSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

Poliomyelitis

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Anyone knowing any references to poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) in literature or history will confer a favor by sending the same to

DR. JOHN RUHRÄH.

Warm Springs, Georgia.

Emily Dickinson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Will you grant me the courtesy of your space to correct several factual errors in Mr. Fred Lewis Pattee's "The New American Literature, 1890-1930"?

In commenting upon the work of Emily Dickinson, Mr. Pattee writes (page 196): "These poems were to be burned after her death; but through the influence of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a life-long friend of the poet, they were at her decease kept from the flames and a few of them published in the *Independent*. Encouraged by the reception of these samplings, in 1890 Higginson issued a small volume with a glowing introduction. The surprising fact that six issues were demanded in a few months brought out a second series in 1891 with an introduction by Mabel Loomis Todd, and a third, and seemingly final, gathering of fragments in 1896. . . ."

In the first place, no poems by Emily Dickinson were published in the *Independent* between the year of her death, 1886, and the date of the publication of the First Series in 1890. I have personally examined the files page by page, and the only material relating to Emily Dickinson is a review of her poems in the issue of December 11, 1890. (This item is listed in the Jones Library Bibliography, page 27.) Mr. Green, of the Jones Library, suggests that Mr. Pattee is possibly referring to a few poems that Higginson published in the *Christian Union*, September 25, 1890. But since these poems appeared in print less than three weeks before the first collection, Mr. Pattee's statement that the reception of these poems led to the publication of a volume is patently erroneous.

Secondly, Mr. Pattee is incorrect when he states that Higginson issued the first edition. The volume was edited by Mrs. Todd and Mr. Higginson together, although Higginson wrote the preface. This second series of 1891, although again jointly edited, contained a preface by Mrs. Todd. The third series was edited by Mrs. Todd alone.

As regards Mr. Pattee's slur in the phrase, "gathering of fragments," I can only assert the obvious fact that the third series is no more composed of fragments than either of the previous editions. But then, Mr. Pattee uses the word so carelessly that the sole interpretation I can ascribe to it is that any short poem is, in Mr. Pattee's critical judgment, a fragment.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

College of the City of New York.

A Bookshelf

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the matter of Michael Scott: At one end of the hall, between Sassoon's "The Old Huntsman" and Bojer's "The Great Hunger," I found "The Cruise of the Midge." At the opposite end of the hall, between "You Know Me, Al" and "Anna Karenina," I found "Tom Cringle's Log." My system of classification and shelving is my own—and I'm proud of it—

Now: "Tom Cringle's Log"—Scribner, 1902 (Famous Novels of the Sea). "The Cruise of the Midge"—Walter Scott, London (The Emerald Library, 2/—.)

This last must date between 1905 and 1908, since it was secured for me, while I was in Panama, by a friend during a leave taken in England.

Riviere never laid hand on either copy—but the Canal Zone cockroaches did, and the scars are still plain.

F. H. P.

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An English Publisher Speaks

By GEOFFREY FABER

Persuaded of its interest to the American public, we publish below this week in the place of a Foreign Letter the address recently delivered by Mr. Geoffrey Faber, a London publisher, at Harrogate, England, to the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain.

I DO not consider either publishing or bookselling solely in terms of profit and loss. Please do not let me give you the idea that I am indifferent to profits and losses. My anxiety to secure the former and steer clear of the latter is as keen as that of any man, or woman, in this room. But if publishing was, for me, nothing but a matter of organization and figures I should not long remain a publisher. I am keen on this business of making and selling books because it fulfils a really important function in the world; I am not keen about it because I happen to make my living out of it. It is the other way round; I make my living out of it, because I am keen about it.

There doesn't seem to me to be anything very odd or peculiar about that. I am sure it is equally true of the great majority of publishers and booksellers—certainly of the successful ones. Now, of course, I know very well that my own notions of what makes a good book or a bad book, and my own notions of the function of books in the modern world, aren't necessarily the same as everybody else's. What at bottom interests me most is the effort to get rid of prejudice, the attempt to get things straight, to see them clearer. It may seem a far cry from that to the book-trade. But, in fact, every honest book is an attempt to get something straighter than it was before. Therefore, an open-minded, vigorous, intelligent trade in books is the first condition of a progressive civilization.

For other people, the book-trade will have other aspects. There are the books that amuse, that thrill with adventure, or delight with beauty—romance, history, science—a hundred different categories. What other trade is there in the world so many-sided, with the power to engage so many different faculties and to perform so many different services to mankind? But in all these categories there is a standard—on one side of it there is the genuine article, the honest book, on the other the imitation, the fake, the shoddy, insincere book. I would define our job, the job of booksellers and publishers alike, as that of giving the genuine article its best possible chance.

That, at any rate, is my point of view. Of course the thing isn't quite as simple as all that. For one thing the great majority of books, like the great majority of human beings, are neither wholly genuine nor wholly fake. For another, most of us fall for the fake oftener than we know. And for a third, the great British public, by whose patronage we live, hasn't yet begun to learn to distinguish between the fake and the genuine article. But that's what makes the whole business so uncommonly interesting.

* *

Now for some reason I can't understand at all, this point of view, has irritated some people intensely. One leading bookseller wrote and told me it was sheer snobbery. It was not our affair at all, he said, to bother about the quality of books. That was the affair of the authors on the one hand and the public on the other; if they didn't know better than to write and buy trash, trash let it be. Our job is simply to sell as many books—trash or not—as possible, in the most wholesale and efficient manner, pocket the proceeds—or as much of them as Mr. Snowden will let us pocket—and leave civilization to look after itself. As for the book trade being in any peculiar way important, the idea excited his mockery and contempt. Which of us would hesitate to desert the book trade if we came across a more direct road to fortune?

Well, if I may be personal for a moment, though I might be tempted, I think I *should* resist that temptation. And I have some right to say that, because, though I began my business career in a publisher's office, I spent three years of it in a far more lucrative form of business. For those three years I was a managing director in a big brewery. Now I have no sort of quarrel with brewing. I think it is an altogether admirable trade, and beer an altogether admirable drink. But I have never been so bored in my life as I was during those three years. I learned then the lesson, which I shall never forget, that nothing in this world is so depressing as to spend one's life doing something in which one is not intrinsically interested. No amount of money can make it worth while. So that I had the best of all reasons—personal experience—for saying that most of us would really rather be making a competence out of books than a fortune out of soap. Not that soap isn't a capital thing; but that, to me at least, books are better.

As it happens, I have a cousin—or my wife has—in the soap trade, and I expect ultimately he will make a fortune out of it. But then he is keen on soap. He wants to make better and better soap. He doesn't say that it isn't his job to bother about the quality of soap; that all that concerns him is to sell as much cheap and nasty soap as possible, in the most wholesale and efficient manner. On the contrary, he wants to educate the public up to knowing the difference between good soap and bad soap; he knows very well that the more people are able to appreciate the pleasure of using good soap the more soap they will use. But, quite apart from that, he has the pleasure of all honest business men in the quality of the article itself.

You can parallel that in any trade you like. You will find that the biggest, the most successful traders are those who are really keen on the articles they make and sell. And I can't, for the life of me, see why it should be thought peculiar for a man who trades in books to be interested in books themselves—not merely in their sales possibilities, their size, price and appearance, or even their standard of production, important as all these things are—but in their contents, in the printed words and their meaning and value.

* *

Oddly enough, by the very same post which brought me that rather cynical criticism, came a letter from another—a retired—bookseller of very different tenor. This correspondent drew my attention to the well-known and often quoted letter which Daniel Macmillan, the Cambridge bookseller and founder of the great publishing house which bears his name, wrote the best part of a century ago to his friend and fellow-bookseller, MacLehose. I expect many of you know the letter. It is given in the little memoir of which unfortunately I have lent my copy, and so I can't quote from it. It was an age when men talked and wrote naturally in phrases which seem to our more cynical outlook rather absurdly pious and earnest. But no one can read Macmillan's letter without realizing the tremendous sincerity of the writer. To him bookselling was in deed and in truth a missionary enterprise; it meant holding up the torch to illuminate the darkness of ignorance. If I could use the language which came so naturally to him, I should think better of myself than I do. And what I particularly want you to note is that this burning zeal did not spell failure; on the contrary, it resulted in phenomenal success.

Now, conditions have altered very much since Macmillan's day. Lending libraries, book societies, newspaper stunts, the enormous increase of published books, the standardization of business methods—these things have taken a lot of the individuality out of the book trade. The high hopes of the nineteenth century have crashed with the war; there is disillusion, depression, and uncertainty everywhere. The old moral earnestness has largely gone; and though there is a far bigger potential reading public than there used to be, it takes no serious interest in books. Moreover, even the lighter sort of books have to face a competition which the Victorians knew nothing of—the cinema, the wireless, cheap motoring, the cult of games and the open air. The more highly educated classes have succumbed to the craze for mere amusement just as much as the lower; and even those who have some other interest in life cannot afford to buy books as they used to. On the face of things, the conditions for bookselling—and for publishing too—are about as unpropitious as they could well be.

There are, however, I think, at least two comforting reflections and one moral which may be drawn. The first reflection is this. After all, the book trade has always existed and, when it has flourished, flourished on a very small margin of the population. A very successful serious book, such as Sir James Jeans's "The Universe Around Us," may be read by perhaps a hundred thousand people—that is to say, by a fraction of one per cent. of the population. A relatively very small enlargement of that serious interest means a very great difference to all of us. Of course, equally, a relatively very small contraction of that serious interest in books means a disastrous difference to us. But that brings me to my second reflection, which is this: that, in spite of some pessimistic utterances of my own in the past, I believe we may be about to see an increase of serious interest and a real revival of the more solid and important forms of bookselling. I base this belief on a number of considerations and indications, many of which are too impalpable to relate. The principal reason for it is another reflection, which on the face of it is anything but comforting, namely, that we are undoubtedly in for a bad time; not only does the industrial depression show no signs of lifting, it steadily continues to deepen. . . . I have lately been reading Mr. André Siegfried's book on "England's Crisis." He says there somewhere a thing, which I believe to be profoundly true, that you can never get an Englishman to think until he is badly frightened. If I am not mistaken, that frightening process has begun already; we are slowly coming to realize that we can no longer sit back on the savings of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers and wait for the clouds to roll by. . . . And the consequence will, I think, be that numbers and numbers of people will begin to ask themselves all sorts of questions which only books can answer.

* *

There is another reason for expecting a revival of seriousness. The "forget about unpleasant things" attitude which followed the War is wearing out. You had a remarkable sign of that in the extraordinary success of "All Quiet on the Western Front." You may say that that particular mood, the desire to look at the war and see it at its very worst, has exhausted itself; and so no doubt, for a moment, it has. But it was intensely significant. It would be a colossal mistake to suppose that "All Quiet" was a freak boom—no, it was a symptom of a widespread inner disquiet, a stirring of the depths, which is going to express itself again in other ways. The kind of literature which that mood will want is a serious literature—not cynical, not destructive, but rather reconstructive. People begin to get tired of drifting, of not knowing where they are going; and they begin to want to read books which will not only ask questions but try to answer them. I don't mean political, social, economic questions only; though I am sure that the next ten years will see a very marked increase in the sale of such books. I think there will be a big swing back towards religion, perhaps even philosophy and poetry, a reaching out for some firm ground to stand on, a realization that it's not enough just to have a good time, that life must mean more than that, and that the twentieth century hasn't yet done much to give it a meaning. And I think this reaction towards seriousness is going to be helped by sheer boredom with too much easy mechanical amusement. Cars, cinemas, wireless—how exciting and absorbing these things are for a time, and after a time how easy it becomes to have too much of them.

It is possible, of course, that my forecast may be hopelessly wrong. Trade may miraculously recover, and Englishmen relapse into their usual state of mental laziness. Or it may become so bad that their spirits are crushed. I can only say that I don't think so. I think we are still the country of Shakespeare, though we shall never again be the country of Tennyson. In other words, I think we are going to have to get down to things, and that we still have the guts to do it; but never again will the wealth of the world pour into our laps, almost without our moving, as it did in the golden age of the nineteenth century.

My two reflections have rather run away with me, and you have probably forgotten that I threatened you with a moral. My moral is simply this—that if I am right in thinking that there will be a revival of seriousness, as I am sure, instinctively, I am right, even if the reasons I have given are all nonsense, then bookselling will have its part to play in that revival. There will be much more of a chance for the Macmillan touch than there has been in the last ten years; and I appeal to those of you who have been discouraged by the frivolity and apathy of the public not to lose heart, but to continue your efforts to give the better sort of books a chance of making good.

Believe me, I know very well how difficult, how heartbreaking even, it must be to carry on the trade of a bookseller, away from the great urban or educational centres, if one has any sense of what books really are; to be obliged to get one's living out of the sale of cheap, ephemeral rubbish. Yet even under these conditions, if one kept on with the effort, it must surely mean, at the very worst, an opportunity every now and then of leading a few people into the habit of occasionally reading a serious book. That may seem a small contribution to make; but small contributions multiplied and repeated make up substantial totals.

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Recent Biography and Fiction

Self-Revelation

AND NO BIRDS SING. By PAULINE LEADER. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1931. $2.50.

THIS is one of those pieces of autobiography which reveal more than the authors intend, and which even show plainly to the reader truths of which the writers themselves were ignorant. In reading her book, one simultaneously sees how the author sees herself, and sees her with one's own eyes as a very different person; one pities the tragedy in her life over which she constantly broods, and yet perceives that that tragedy is entirely eclipsed by a greater one of which she is quite unconscious.

The writer of this book thinks that her life has been unhappy because when she was a child an attack of scarlet fever left her stone-deaf; but she makes it clear on every page that she is one of those self-tormenting souls who can never be really happy under any circumstances. She is the victim of a devouring egoism which must have its own way, as by divine right, in every particular; she grieves over every thwarting as a calamity, and resents it as a deadly insult. And like all such people, she appears to be genuinely unconscious that she makes enormous demands on every one she meets, without ever thinking of making similar concessions to them. Thus she tells with pride how as a child she stole money from the till of her mother's butcher-shop, explaining with evident self-admiration that she wanted ice cream, and it was right to take the most direct way to it; that was following the law of her nature. Yet again and again she exhausts herself in fury against her father for sitting idle while her mother worked herself to death, but it does not occur to her that her father was following the law of his nature in her own lordly way; he robbed her mother of ease, and she of money, for their own pleasure, and with no shame.

All Miss Leader's circumstances were singularly unfortunate for one of her peculiar bias. She was the daughter of Jewish immigrants, ignorant folk, and her father at least was stupid and brutal. With her indisputable intelligence, and with the prejudice immigrants' children so easily learn against their own parents, she could hardly help looking down on them, and being confirmed in her egoism. The crowning misfortune was her deafness, not in itself, but because it cut her off so much from the corrective of saner minds. This is her real tragedy, and this she does not seem to guess.

The external happenings of her life are comparatively unimportant. She insists, with admirable determination, on keeping her independence, she lives at home for a while, wasting herself in quarrels; she runs away, and lives in New York, supporting herself precariously by the poorest kind of work, which is all she can get to do. The interest of the book lies in its quite unconscious self-revelation. For instance, there is an illuminating paragraph in her account of how she wrote to a poet, saying that she liked his poems, though she had never read them:

> I read all the books under "Poetry" in the library. . . . That I had not found him among the books under "Poetry" I blamed the library. The library was incomplete. Therefore I was not really lying when I said I had read his poems. It was not my fault that I had not read his poetry.

The interest of the whole incident lies in that contorted moral reasoning, and its contrast with the bold boasts of theft in the earlier chapters. It seems to reflect a growing acquaintance with ordinary ethics, not sufficient to alter her actions, but enough to claim more elaborate self-justification. As the book progresses, and the author is constantly driven in upon herself, her mental processes become at times definitely abnormal. Thus she convinces herself that she is going to have a child, though she has never had a lover, and actually enters a reformatory on her own false evidence.

It is a truly tragic book, for it shows a young woman (according to the jacket she is twenty-two) with an unusually able mind, unconquerable vitality and courage, the inflexible pride that is one of the most valuable of gifts, in getting the most out of all the rest—and all of it spoiled by her misfortune. It is not a book for many readers, but a few who are interested in character and in disentangling the truth from the evidence will find it an extraordinarily interesting piece of unconscious self-revelation.

Moods

SARABAND. By ELIOT BLISS. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1931. $2.

THIS is a first novel of unusual power in certain directions, but only in certain directions. Miss Bliss has told the story of the childhood and youth of a girl who had no very uncommon experiences, though she was sufficiently sensitive to find more significance in them than most people would. She grows up in the country in England, she falls in love with a cousin, she is sent to a convent school, she tries to learn typing at a big London commercial school where she thoroughly hates her work and all her surroundings, and at last she comes home to the country. That is not quite all, for almost at the end of the book there is an episode in which she suddenly summons all her dormant strength of character and saves a life, but this incident, though well told in itself, is curiously out of harmony with the rest of the book, as if the author had abruptly decided that the story needed more vigor.

There is no plot, there is little if any development of character (for the emergency at the close seems rather to give the heroine opportunity to exercise her power than to awaken any fresh power in her), there is not much incident. What there is for the reader is a successsion of moods, of delicate and lovely emotions. Miss Bliss, as has been hinted, is keenly alive to atmospheres; the country house, the convent, the commercial school all arouse in her a multitude of sensations. But she does not make the mistake of so many beginning novelists, that of tearing passions to tatters. Her emotions are all recollected in tranquillity. The book affects the reader rather as music does, calling up feelings which one must call sorrow or joy, but which are quite different from the sorrow or joy that come from real events, or from the recital of real events. If Miss Bliss can add to her gift of atmosphere a power of portraying character and action, she may go far, but without them her work impresses one as a series of poems *manques* rather than as a novel.

A Conversational Novel

MEN AND WIVES. By I. COMPTON-BURNETT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.50.

THE manner of this second novel by Miss Compton-Burnett is precisely that of her first, "Brothers and Sisters." It might be called the super-conversationalistic. No characters in fiction have ever talked about it and about to the extent that these creations by the young English author do. Not even halting for "he said" or "she said" or such convenient guide-posts to the reader, the conversation rolls on,—brilliant, amusing, and characteristic, but so continuous. Miss Compton-Burnett also scorns explanations of where her characters are or how they move about. The reader may be pleasantly established with them on the lawn after dinner when suddenly, without a space, without an asterisk, without a hint, some one will exclaim, "Well, well, come along now, breakfast is waiting," and that's the first suggestion that another night has passed in "Men and Wives."

Like the first novel, too, this deals with family relations. Through the smokescreen of talk one comes to discern gradually the merciless condition of bondage imposed upon the family by the involved egotism of the mother. Every life must be tortured into the shape of her hopes and fears. She takes tremendous toll of youth. The situation becomes more and more stringent. Something, no matter what, must happen —and does. The shocking and powerful solution of the problem is muted but slowly becomes apparent through the staccato talk.

This same story told in another way would have been too stark. But through this strange, quotation-mark bespattered style Miss Compton-Burnett succeeds in telling the whole truth about a tragic and ugly situation in such a way that it makes rapid, almost gay, reading. One would hate to have many realistic writers adopt this style but one would hate to have Miss Compton-Burnett discard it.

Lady Cynthia Asquith is editing a new collection of ghost stories by famous authors. It will have the title "When Churchyards Yawn."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Second Empire Figures

THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE. By ROBERT SENCOURT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $5.

IMPERIAL BROTHER. THE LIFE OF THE DUKE DE MORNY. By MARISTAN CHAPMAN. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK MALOY ANDERSON
Dartmouth College

AMONG the personages of the Second Empire there were none more interesting than the Empress Eugénie and the Duke de Morny. Eugénie was a Spanish *grande* elevated by luck and by beauty to the most dazzling throne in Europe. Morny was the half brother of the Emperor and was reputed to be the power behind the throne. As the illegitimate son of Queen Hortense and of Count de Flahaut, he had the Empress Josephine and Talleyrand among his grandparents. In manner, intellect, and morals he bore in a close resemblance to Talleyrand.

Books about Eugénie exist in great numbers. There was no call for another unless it should be based upon new evidence or bring a deeper and clearer insight than any of its numerous predecessors. Mr. Sencourt's book meets both requirements. Although marked by some great defects, it is unquestionably the most valuable book about Eugénie that has yet appeared.

In general it exhibits the same merits and faults that the critics found in the author's "Life of George Meredith." The well known sources have been explored with unusual thoroughness. In addition a large amount of new material has been unearthed. The most important comes from Spanish and Austrian collections. The Duke of Alba, grand nephew of Eugénie, made available the resources of his collection at the Palacio de Liria, containing the papers he inherited from Eugénie and her sister. The despatches of the Austrian ambassadors at Paris, particularly those of Prince Metternich, yielded some interesting and significant information.

Mr. Sencourt's historical methods are in general entitled to high praise. The most serious defect is a failure to distinguish sharply between contemporaneous evidence and recollections put on record long after the event. He also fails to remember that many contemporaneous witnesses, although in the main reliable and well informed, have a propensity to claim information about matters of which they had knowledge only at second hand. Much evidence of that sort is no more than gossip. The authority back of the author's statements is everywhere clearly indicated. But books are cited only by name of the author and title. This practice will scarcely protect Mr. Sencourt against other writers who may be disposed to appropriate his work without giving him credit and it diminishes the value of his book for serious students who may wish to look up his authorities without an unnecessary expenditure of time.

There seems to have been something about Eugénie that has made all of her biographers either hard-boiled or sentimental. Mr. Sencourt belongs to the sentimental class. He is nevertheless discriminating. To him Eugénie was no paragon. The unfortunate thing about his attitude toward her is that it leads him to ignore, attenuate, or deny some of her most glaring blunders. She exerted a pronounced and unfortunate influence in regard to three of the most important policies of the Second Empire. In Italian affairs her influence did much to prevent Napoleon III from reaping the fruits of the aid he rendered the Italians in 1859; she helped to get him embarked upon the disastrous intervention in Mexico; in 1870 she favored the still more calamitous course which led to the Franco-Prussian war. Readers will not discover the extent of her unfortunate influence in these matters from Mr. Sencourt's book. As an interpretation it is sounder upon her youth and old age than upon her imperial period. It is better as a portrait of a personality than as a record of what she did and the influence she exerted.

Mrs. Chapman hails from Tennessee. She has previously published two novels dealing with the Tennessee mountaineers which competent critics have pronounced excellent. As a writer of biography for the period of the Second Empire she is out of her element.

The publisher claims for her book upon Morny that it is "fictionalized biography in the best tradition." The claim may be conceded if it means no more than that the book has the literary form of a novel. But a biographer, whether writing "fictionalized biography" or the old fashioned sort, has three important tasks to perform. He ought to delineate the personality with which he deals, describe the scene in which he moved, and tell accurately the story of what he did. Mrs. Chapman succeeds tolerably well in portraying the personality of Morny and in describing his background. But she fails lamentably in trying to tell, chiefly by means of imaginary conversations and letters, what he did. The trouble is that she does not know the history of Europe in the days of the Second Empire well enough to avoid falling into egregious blunders. Many of her details remind one of Pooh-Bah's "corroborative detail, intended to give artistic versimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative."

On more important matters she is equally misleading. She speaks constantly of the Coup d'État of December 2, 1851, as if it led at once to the establishment of the Second Empire, overlooking entirely the year that elapsed before the Empire was established. She also refers over and over again to Bismarck as if he were at the head of affairs in Prussia and controlling Prussian policy six or seven years before he reached that position. Her method of glorifying Morny is to attribute to him an insight into the future which neither he nor any of his contemporaries could have had. Her knowledge of history is so defective that she ascribes to Morny an uncanny understanding of problems even before they had arisen. As fiction the book is entertaining, but as history it is wofully misleading.

Edwardian Hey-Days

EDWARDIAN HEY-DAYS, or, A Little about a Lot of Things. By G. CORNWALLIS-WEST. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

THE British aristocrat of latter days has been singularly inclined to take the vulgar into his confidence, by way of personal records and memoirs. "Edwardian Hey-Days," like most books of the kind, has a flavor of good-humored effrontery and condescension. The author cannot lower himself by stooping to address the mob or alter the status of his caste by making it subject of amusing gossip. The Margots and the Cornwallis-Wests speak therefore as the spirit moves, generally in the direction of piquancy, and all is forgiven them.

Major Cornwallis-West presents himself as a sort of playboy of the highest circles. He is connected with the princely Sackville-Wests of Knole, he is brother-in-law to a German royalty, he was intimate with the seventh Edward and a companion of that merry monarch's frolics. His humor is broad, he has a marked taste for practical jocosity and the mildly improper. He begins his challenge to middle-class respectability with the bland remark in his Foreword: "I have no great achievements to offer, unless marrying two famous women could be called an achievement—which I doubt."

But women play small part in this random chronicle of an aristocrat and sportsman who effectively sums up a long tradition of British masculinity. In his day he was the ideal guardsman, man about town, devotee of horse and gun. Whenever war came he was in the thick of it; otherwise he has made of life as pleasant a party as possible, and he sees no need of apology therefor. He admits that he has appreciated good food all his life, that he has always had an eye for a pretty woman, that a good joke means more to him than a good sermon. And now in his mature years he has taken with cheerfulness to what he calls "literature," has written a "Life of Admiral Cornwallis," a novel called "Two Wives," and a number of plays which seem not to have been successful, but which he speaks of with a certain indulgence. A fellow doesn't take that sort of thing seriously, you know, he dashes off something or other and lets it go at that.

Apart from its value as a self-portrait the book is a storehouse of gossip, not all of it spicy, and of reminiscence, much of it revealing, about an age which the author acknowledges, with a good-natured sigh, to be gone forever. By way of conclusion he quotes the words of an inebriated strap-hanger overheard on a midnight bus, not long after Lloyd George's promise to make England "fit for heroes to live in": "What I say is, what with the Income Tax at four-and sixpence in the pound and whiskey at twelve-and-six a bottle, you've got to be a blinking hero to live in it 'tall.'"

Turner's Venice

IN VENICE WITH TURNER. By ALEXANDER JOSEPH FINBERG. London: Cotswold Gallery. 1931.

Reviewed by ARTHUR POPE
Harvard University

THE author of this book is the foremost living authority on Turner, having in 1909 prepared the official inventory of the drawings in the Turner Bequest in the National Gallery and having written in this connection a book on "Turner's Sketches and Drawings," which is the best general work on this painter so far published. Probably more nonsense and misinformation has been written about Turner than about any other artist, so it is a great relief to come on Mr. Finberg's accurate scholarship as well as his commonsense point of view which shows due appreciation of Turner's great qualities as a painter without either ignoring or overemphasizing obvious faults.

The present book is particularly valuable for those who are interested in the way in which a creative artist goes about his work, for it considers in some detail the manner in which Turner dealt with a limited bit of subject matter. By reference to the sketchbooks used on his various trips it describes Turner's three brief visits to Venice —one in 1819, one in 1835, and another in 1840. It shows the business-like way in which Turner went about setting down the information that he wanted about the aspect of a place in the form of pencil drawings. In this respect Turner's method was essentially that of the Renaissance figure painters applied to landscape. Memory and imagination played a large part in the carrying out of the finished paintings. All that Turner wanted on the spot was facts of form. The drawings in the sketchbooks were meant only for his own use, but, like all drawings done by a master, they have a peculiar charm and interest of their own. Those done in 1819, many of which are reproduced, are also extremely fascinating on account of the straightforward glimpse they give us of the look of Venice in the early part of the nineteenth century.

As Turner in his exhibited works was always trying to make an impression on a general public often sadly wanting in taste, there is perhaps in the case of no other artist such a disparity between the quality of work done primarily for his own use or satisfaction and that done for the public exhibition, and this disparity tended to increase toward the end of his life. For this reason we are apt to find what appeals to us most at the present day among his more modest finished works or among his rather briefly executed sketches and studies. This does not mean, however, that the more pretentious work was not often fine in its way, or that the studies were merely direct sketches from nature in the manner of a more modern painter without any use of the imagination to produce a rendering of a real visual concept instead of a mere imitation of superficial aspect. The author points out that Turner's work to be properly understood and appreciated must be considered in relation to the ideas of his time, and not simply be looked at from the point of view of our time. Referring to the later water-colors of Venice, Mr. Finberg writes:

> We are all tempted . . . to speak of these water-colors as Turner's impressions of Venice, and to overlook the important consideration that the meaning we attach to the word "impression" is a product of our own time. To us the word is inevitably connected with the doctrines and practice of the Impressionists, a school of painters which aimed at reducing painting to a purely optical process. But this idea of separating sight from feeling and knowledge was not introduced into painting until a quarter of a century after Turner's death; and it is doubtful whether Turner would have been able to understand such a psychological abstraction, even if it had been explained to him by a modern professor of esthetic

And again:

> We regard the artist's mind or his imagination as irrelevant; they are what we call the non-esthetic elements in art. Yet it is just these non-esthetic elements of experience which Turner valued more than—or at least as much as—our visual abstractions.

In other words Turner is properly to be thought of as belonging at the end of the Renaissance tradition rather than among later ninteenth century painters.

To the present writer one of the interesting things in this book is the evidence it gives us of the way in which Turner studied the works of Renaissance masters whenever he had a chance. No more than Degas did he fear to lose his originality by making drawings after the great masterpieces of the past. Without question much of the preeminence of these two masters in pictorial design is due to this practice.

Seven water-colors and two oils are reproduced in color. The reproductions of the water-colors are unusually adequate; they even suggest the technical use of overlaid washes. Those of the oils seem less satisfactory, partly because of the showing of the gold frames which come out much too sharply for the delicate tones of the paintings. Lists of Turner's drawings and painting connected with Venice are given in appendices. There is also a brief bibliography.

On the Pampas

A YANKEE ON PATAGONIA. By ROBERT and KATHERINE BARRETT. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $4.

THE Barretts, husband, wife, and several young people, were working along the foot of the Patagonian *cordillera* with a pack outfit, trying, it would appear, to escape from a slightly dessicated New Englandism, from too much tidiness and too many Nikes on the library mantel-piece, to something rough and primitive. They found it in the person of one Chace, a Yankee adventurer who had shipped on a whaler thirty years before, stopped off in the Argentine, become sheep-herder and one thing and another, and stayed in the south pampa country ever since. On this hard-fisted old Yankee, who had met Indians, pumas, guanacos, rheas or South American ostriches, and what not, and talked all sorts of pampa dialects without losing his down-East accent, the Barretts pounced, like gold prospectors on a good run of pay dirt.

They dug into him and pumped him; lured him back to New England and continued the process with their friends, young and old. The result is this book, with some fifteen chapters about various phases of life in the Patagonian "Wild West."

There is still a frontier down there, not unlike what our own used to be. Whether Chace's adventures and personality are different, essentially, from those of many an old-fashioned cow-puncher who might have been found in our own West a generation or two ago, to the Barretts, at any rate, he was a duck-bill platypous, and they dug into their find with tireless zeal and tremendous seriousness. This self-conscious enthusiasm, the scurrying off for paper and pencil the instant the old boy starts to unload, mars the narrative slightly. We are always a little too aware of the bright-eyed and tremendously impressed Boswells. But there are all sorts of interesting glimpses, nevertheless, of men and animals, and a life that is all the more intriguing because of its resemblance, in other shapes and flavors, to a life that our own country has lost. Mr. Rockwell Kent provides a frontispiece and a foreword in which he contrasts the Yankees who have only too often misbehaved in these south-temperate parts, with this one, who made himself one of the people of the country, really dug in, and stayed there.

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